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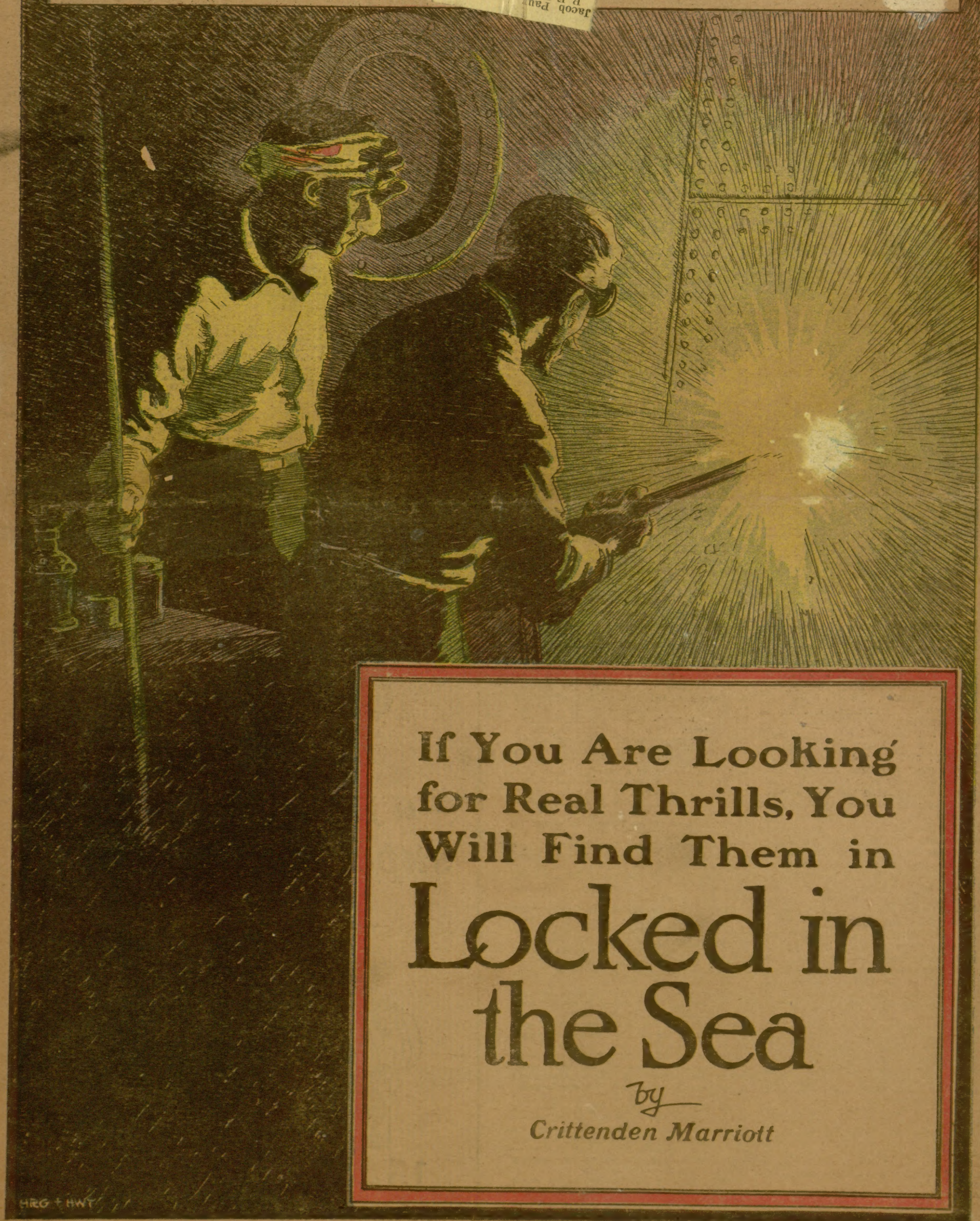

If You Are Looking for Real Thrills, You Will Find Them in

Locked in the Sea

by

Crittenden Marriott

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 43

The River Rat

by Alfred O. Phillip

The River Rat Could Be On the River in His Flat-bottomed Boat.

WHERE the River Rat originally came from no one knows. He drifted into the house-boat colony early one morning in a dilapidated shanty-boat, tied up to the bank, and was accepted as a member of that floating community. No one questioned him, for on the river much is accepted without question.

Of the ten thousand odd house-boats that rest on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi and its tributaries, hardly two will ever be found exactly alike. And this diversity of type also prevails among the variegated mass of humanity that seek surcease on the placid waters from the artificial grind of modern city life. All walks of life are represented, from the shiftless loafer, the typical river bum, to the wealthy sportsman, and scientific zoologist bent on biological reasearch in its waters.

On the map of Illinois you may note a slender thread worming its way southward thru the center of the State. This is the beautiful Illinois River. About sixty miles from its mouth, opposite the town of Harper, is an unnamed Government owned island. In a sheltering cove, on the east side of this island, is the Harper shanty-boat colony, to which the River Rat had attached himself with the tenacity of a barnacle.

Most of the shanty-boaters in this colony were clammers. The button factories were paying on an average of thirty dollars a ton for shells, and the mussel beds in this section were far from being demolished. Earnings from the button shells were supplemented by the sale of seed pearls and slugs, gleaned from the soft meat of the mollusk. The clam meat was sold or traded to adjacent farmers for swine fodder, in return for which the shanty-boaters got eggs, milk and sundry farm products. As an incentive there was the ever-present possibility of finding a valuable pearl, ear drop or baroque.

Almost any pleasant day the River Rat could be seen on the river in his flat-bottomed scow, floating broadside down stream with the current, the crow-foot grapple—a series of four-pronged hooks suspended from a long piece of gas pipe—dragging the bottom for mussels.

An old scraggy-bearded, gray-headed man was the River Rat. Long-limbed, lean and lithe; but of indeterminate age, about 65, the river folks guessed. His leathery visage, tanned by the elements, bespoke a long life in the great outdoors. But most impressive were his eyes—large, gray and honest.

One day the River Rat stepped out of his old shanty-boat, into his scow, and pushed off for the mainland. A few lusty strokes carried him across the river, where he quickly scrambled out, and drew the scow safe up on the bank. Threading his way between great piles of mussel shells, he arrived at a rickety barn-like structure bearing a sign which read Muscatine Button Company. This building he entered.

The Muscatine Button Company had agencies at various strategic points along the rivers, where the blanks, or those small portions of the shell available for buttons, were cut out and shipped to the main factory. This saving policy reduced their freight bills about 80 per cent, as it eliminated the necessity of sending to the factory heavy shells from which only four or five, at the most, small buttons could be cut.

The River Rat was inside the dimly lit shop, making terms with the button company's agent for a load of mixed shells he had to sell—muckets, washboards, nigger-heads, buckhorns and wart-backs, all good shells. Outside a few river men were lounging about, smoking and discussing the shell market, when a flashily attired man arrived on the scene, carrying a small leather grip in his hand. Conversation ceased, for this was Joe Marks, the traveling pearl buyer for Levy, Harris & Son, the New York jewelers. The coming of a pearl buyer is always an important event in a clamming village.

"Well, gents, here I am again," announced Marks, breezily. "Ready cash, and plenty of it, and in the market for anything from a seed pearl to a Queen baroque. Trot out your clam fruit, and let's talk business."

The River Rat heard the voice and recognized its owner. He had no love for Marks, for the pearl buyer had cheated him shamelessly three years before. It was a perfectly legitimate deal from a legal standpoint, but judged by the River Rat's code of honor, it was a downright fraud. He had found a large rosebud slug, weighing eighty grains. It was lumpy, blistered, dull colored and covered with innumerable flaws. Marks had paid him three dollars for it, and immediately brought a number of small delicate tools from the depths of his leather grip, with which he proceeded to peel the top layers off the ugly slug. After removing the sixth concentric layer he exposed a perfect lustrous pearl of iridescent sheen. He later sold this pearl for two hundred dollars, but refused to give the River Rat another cent above the original three dollars. And he had laughed at him—called him an easy—that's what had hurt. But the River Rat vowed to get even, so he stepped into the shadows and listened.

"Wal, now, I got a real purty piece here fer yer," he heard Bill Danks, another clammer, remark. "It's sure a

(Concluded on Page 25.)

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY

Readers having problems which they intend to submit to Miss Grey are advised that the response to her department has been so generous that several months will elapse before answers to queries coming in even at this date can be printed. Many questions thus far sent in are duplicates, however, of others, and perhaps YOUR problem may find its answer in the solution of some one else. If you have a problem it will pay you to watch this column.

MY DEAR MISS GREY: Will you kindly give me a little advice? I am an orphan girl of 16. I am very lonesome and want some one to love me. No, not boys, but humans—girls—people. These girls of West Orange are very selfish and, well, "stuck-up," and I am not. They are friendly among themselves, but seem to think I am not as good as they are.

They invited me to join their B. Y. P. V. I accepted the invitation, but the first time I went they hardly noticed me, and after the meeting, they bunched up and went walking and left me standing there alone. I went home on the verge of tears and have never been back. Should I have gone back?

As I am an orphan, I do not dress quite as well as they do. I expect them to overlook this fact, which they fail to do.

My brother wants me to go to Sunday school, but I feel so alone and out of my place with the girls that I find some excuse and stay at home. Am I right, or should I force myself into their company?

I try to have a loving disposition, but no one seems to think I have. How can I make them love me? Please excuse me for writing so long a letter, but if you will please answer it, I will be grateful with all my heart. LONESOME.

For shame, these girls! There is probably a "ring-leader" among them who has taken this attitude against you and the rest of the girls, not having brains enough to think for themselves and being too cowardly to have an opinion that the ringleader does not sanction anyway, seem to be against you. I'll wager there are more girls there that have a sneaking liking for you down in their hearts than girls that haven't—but cowards and sheep always trot down the path the others take. It often, often happens that some girl moves into a community who champions the little shunned girl—who does it valiantly and fightingly—and then all the sheeplike girls look up and shyly make friends with the little shunned girl and soon take occasion to tell her that they always liked her anyway and that they really always hated the first ringleader.

And so, Lonesome dear, make yourself go to Sunday school and, if you can bring yourself to it, make yourself go to those meetings, too. In doing this, you will not at all be forcing your company upon the other members. Find out the purpose of the benefit of the club and attend meetings solely to help that benefit along. And go to Sunday school solely to learn of and worship our kind Father who has you in his plans every minute, don't forget. The girl evidently do not wish to have anything to do with you, so comply by not addressing one word to them of your own accord, but if any should speak to you, answer sweetly and solemnly and then go about your business of going home, or going on to class. Be dignified and serious and don't notice a soul unless she notices you and speaks. Do this even if it seems to kill you inside! Do you hear?

Now, dear—you don't know it yet, but you'll develop a wonderful personality and character by keeping your poise against odds like this, so that when you grow up you'll have a magnetic person-

(Continued on Page 26.)

A million men have turned to One Eleven Cigarettes —a firm verdict for superior quality.

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Before He Could Take More Than a Step Toward the Door, It Flew Wide, and Thru It, Out of the Night, Stumbled a Girl.

Locked in the Sea

by Crittenden Marriott

WITH a start Frank Asher leaned forward, half-rising, and gathered his legs beneath him, ready to spring to his feet. From the corridor without had come sounds like the trip, trip, of light flying feet and quick, gasping breath of some terrified thing fleeing from imminent peril. Toward the door of his apartment he swung his eyes and saw that it was ajar, undoubtedly left so by himself when he had come home half an hour before. Frowningly he waited.

Then, abruptly, the sound ceased. Strain his ears as he might, he could hear nothing more! From afar came only the murmur of the great city.

For a moment he was half minded to go and peer into the hall and to shut the door. Then he glanced at the clock on the mantel and saw that it marked past eleven; and dropped back into his seat, deciding that it was too late for anything to happen in this ultra-respectable apartment-house, and that his imagination must have deceived him. As for the door, Joe Reno would be in soon and would shut it.

Then, once more, came the sounds, nearer, clearer, more unmistakable. To his feet Asher sprang, sure now that something was about to happen. But before he could take more than a step toward the door, it flew wide, and thru it, out of the night, tumbled a girl. Swiftly, with no pause for apology, with no recognition even of his presence, she swung about and pushed shut the door behind her. Then, as the spring-lock clicked, she turned again and leaned back, clinging desperately to the knob and panting either from exhaustion or from terror.

Her face was chalky. Her eyes were black with terror. Against the red wood of the door her knuckles stood out white and bloodless. She seemed incapable of act or speech.

But as Asher, with an exclamation, sprang forward, she flung up her hand, beseechingly.

"Please! Please! Be quiet! For God's sake! For God's sake! Please!" she whispered.

Outside, in the corridor, other footfalls were sounding, heavy ones these—heavy but stealthy. They paused outside the door.

Then some one tried the knob, softly. Asher, frowning, again stepped forward, and again the girl waved him back with imploring hand. This time she did not speak, but her gestures were eloquent.

Then, abruptly, with startling shrillness, the bell of the apartment rang. At the sound the girl almost collapsed and even Asher started visibly. This time, however, he made no move to answer; he had never found New York any too prolific in surprises; and now that an adventure had come his way he decided to see it thru. Motionless he stood, quietly waiting.

For a moment silence reigned. Obviously those outside were waiting for an answer to their summons. Then, once more, their footsteps sounded; but this time they were retreating.

With their going the terror in the girl's eyes lessened, and a faint flush stained the deadly whiteness of her cheeks. She took a step or two away from the door and caught at the arm of a chair. Numerous bangles and trinkets hanging from her waist clashed and tinkled as she moved.

"Gee!" she faltered, with a very evident attempt to regain her self-control. "Gee! That was close! . . . Has Otto got here yet?"

Asher stared at the girl frowningly, wondering what had brought her to his rooms and plumbing the depths of his memory for an Otto, but finding none. "Otto?" he questioned at last.

"Yes! . . . Didn't he phone you?"

Asher shook his head. "No!" he said.

The color, which had crept back into the girl's cheeks, ebbed away, leaving her face white. Abruptly she dropped into the chair to which she had been clinging. "Gawd!" she muttered. "I guess he's got his, all right."

Her words were flippant, but her tones belied them. At the last her voice broke in a little choking sob.

For a moment she held herself in hand. Then: "Say!" she gasped. "I guess I'm about all in. You got anything a lady can drink?"

Asher started. Under his breath he cursed himself for his neglect. Obviously the girl did need some stimulant. Unluckily he had none. Into the bathroom he hurried and brought back a glass of water.

The girl drank avidly. "That's good," she breathed. "There ain't nothing like good old water, is there? But I guess I need something stronger. Got any whisky?"

Asher caught up his hat from the table. "No. But I'll go get some," he promised, turning toward the door.

But the girl was on her feet in a flash. "Hold on!" she cried. "Gee! Ain't you the bughouse kid? You want to get yourself killed?"

Asher laughed. "Well! No!" he said. "I'm not exactly keen on anything like that."

"Then you stay inside that door. Never mind the whisky. I'm all right now. Anyway, I'll make out with the eau de Croton." Again she lifted the glass to her lips. But her teeth rattled like castanets on its edge.

AS SHE drank, Asher studied her. She was pretty to look at. Her blue eyes were bright, tho a little hard, as if she had looked at many things and had not found them altogether good. From beneath her hat, her hair crinkled out in yellow waves that looked natural, not artificial. The roundness of girlhood showed in her figure and in her face, but her neck had a suspicious thinness. Her ancestry might be doubtful, but her type was unmistakable; despite her agitation she was as neat and clear-cut as only a big-town American girl can be. Her skirts, of course, were short, but this was merely the fashion of her class for the day.

When the glass was drained to the last drop she set it down.

"I'm mighty glad you was here," she quavered. "Mighty glad. Otto said you would be, but I was kind of doubtful. Well——" The girl rose, turning her back as she did so. Swiftly she bent down; Asher glimpsed a flutter of lilac draperies and heard

the snap of an elastic; then she was up again with a letter in her hand. "Well! Here's the letter," she ended.

Asher hesitated. "What letter?" he asked.

"The letter Otto sent you? Lord! Some men are slow! . . . Here, take it."

Asher took the envelope and examined it closely. It was a very ordinary-looking sort of an envelope, very cheap and very dirty and crumpled. It was addressed merely to "Apartment 404, Chimneystack Building." Finally he looked up. "Some mistake," he said. "This can't be for me. There isn't any name on it, you see, and I don't know any one named Otto. I only got here a few hours ago, and no one could possibly be sending me a letter here."

Asher spoke positively. The girl seemed to be acting in good faith; still—this was New York, and one never could tell.

For a moment the girl stared at him. If he was doubtful about her she returned the doubt with interest. But few men and no women could misunderstand Asher for long. O. Henry says it takes a girl only a second to decide whether to consider a man as a possible mate or to scream for the police; and it took this girl less than half that long to decide about Asher.

"Well," she said, "if that's so, I reckon I'm in the wrong shop. These three-room flats all look alike to me. I'm sorry I butted in on you this a-way. I ain't never done anything like it before, an' I ain't ever goin' to do it again, not for Otto or anybody else. But"—a visible shudder ran over the girl—"those guys were after me too close with their machine guns for me to waste any time in any persiflage. I just had to come in first and explain later if I wanted to see little Bright Eyes in the looking-glass tomorrow mornin'." The girl reached out and took back the letter. "Well!" she said. "What number's this—404 or 604?"

"Neither! It's 504!"

The girl stared. "Ain't you joshing," she scoffed. "Five-o-four is what this envelope says, an' it's what Otto said, too! . . . Say! What's your name?"

"Frank Asher!"

The girl's eyes narrowed. "Seems to me I've heard that name," she pondered. "An' your face is mighty familiar. . . . Say! You ain't the Frank Asher who was in last Sunday's Journal, are you—the man who——?"

Asher grinned. "Spare my blushes," he said. "Few of us can escape the yellow journals."

But the girl was staring at him in wonder. "My Lord!" she breathed. "To think you are him. I never thought I'd see anybody what did things like that. . . . But, say, about this letter. I reckon it's for you, all right."

But Asher shook his head. "It can't possibly be for me," he insisted. "I've been away from New York for more than two years and I only got back today. Nobody knows I'm here, not even the people in the house. The elevator wasn't running when I arrived and the janitor wasn't about, and I just walked in and settled myself. So you see——"

But the girl interrupted. "You mean to say you came in and hung up your hat without a word to anybody after being away for two years?" she demanded, incredulously.

"Even so! I had the key and I'd paid the rent right along in advance! And so——"

Consumedly the girl laughed. "Well! If that ain't the limit!" she gasped. "Say! I guess you heroes are mighty like plain men, after all. Don't you know you can't rent nothing in this burg for more'n a year except a nice plot at Greenmount. I bet the janitor's sublet your apartment ten times over."

Asher stared. Then he laughed. "By George! I shouldn't wonder if you were right," he said. "I found some things here just now that weren't mine and that seemed to show— But they were women's things!"

"Really? . . . Well! I guess there ain't any law against a woman renting a flat in New York. But, say, you want to see the janitor mighty quick. If that girl comes in and finds you here—Oh! Mamma!"

Asher stared in chagrin. The girl's suggestion seemed very reasonable. "I guess you're right," he agreed. "I'll hunt him up at once. . . . So you see the letter isn't for me, after all."

But the girl pursed up her lips. Evidently she was thinking deeply. "I ain't so sure!" she said. "Maybe it is for that girl that's probably got this apartment. But I don't know. Otto didn't name any names, or if he did I didn't hear them. The music was making a lot of noise. But Otto didn't talk as if he was talking of a girl. I remember now he said something about his old chief. That sounds like you, don't it? Anyway! It don't matter! I've gotter go before that dame gets in and finds me here. I've gotta reputation to keep, tho you mightn't think it after my buttin' into a gen'elman's apartments this a-way. I'm going an' you're stayin' So, you can see the dame and give her the letter. I've brought it to where Otto told me. Five-o-four it reads, plain as anything. So I'm going to leave it. Here!" She held the letter out. "Lord! But I'll be glad to get rid of it!"

Asher made no move to accept the letter. He was wondering how much of all this was genuine and how much was play-acting. If it was play-acting it was very well done. But he knew that such things were very well done in the metropolis. He decided to apply a test.

"You think it is safe for you to leave now?" he questioned. "These men who pursued you— Do you think they have gone?"

Instantly the girl's face whitened and she reeled back. "Good Lord!" she cried. "I'd clean forgot. . . . Say!"—desperately—"What'm I goin' to do? I gotter go an'—an'—Say! This thing is serious. Don't get the idea for a single minute that it ain't. Otto was scared blue. Can't you do something? What's the use of bein' a hero if you can't do things?"

Asher grinned. Then he grew thoughtful. Perhaps, after all, the thing was worth inquiring into.

"Well!" he said. "Suppose you tell me a little more about what happened before you came here. For instance, who is Otto?"

"Otto's Otto Hand. He's my step-brother. I'm Lottie Dare. Otto's pa married my ma you know. Ma used to say she was glad he was only her husband and wasn't any real kin to her, and I never blamed her a bit for feelin' that way. But I always kind of liked Otto; and when he turned up one evenin' when I was actin' as lady instructress at the Jardin de Terpsichorey—Eh! What'd you say?"

"The Jardin de—what?" Asher repeated.

The Jardin de Terpsichorey! The Palace de Fox-trot! The Lounge Lizard's delight. Oh! you know?"

"Yes! I know! A friend of mine was speaking about it to me only a few hours ago."

"Well! Otto was a sailor, you know; an' he couldn't sail—not so's you could see it—in Kansas. So he cleared out early. An' then the old folks died and I come on to New York and got a job dancing with the nuts at the Jardin. An' about a year ago, when Otto turned up, why, he kind of seemed like home and mother. . . . You know how it is yourself?"

Asher nodded. Abruptly he found himself on common ground with this girl who had come to him so strangely. He did know. "Yes!" he said. "I understand! Go on!"

"Well! I reckon Otto felt that way, too, tho how he could about 'Old Man' Ring I don't know! He used to come to the Jardin pretty regular for a while. An' he used to stake me to a supper once in so often. I reckon you know the pay for lady instructresses is on the toboggan these days. They got to dance for their eats, now, all right—an' it's mostly coffee and sinkers, at that. So Otto was mighty welcome. Then, all of a sudden, he stopped coming an' I didn't see him for nearly a year—till tonight."

"Yes?"

"I saw him when he came, but I was busy an' couldn't pull any long-lost brother stuff for him. He sure did look bad—kind of hunted, you know. He hung about till I got thru with the man I was teachin', and then he came straight for me. Course I was glad to see him. But he didn't give me any time to tell him so. 'Say, Lottie,' he said right away, 'I been away on a voyage an' I've found out something that—something mighty big. I got away with it, but they're after me an' I guess they'll get me. But I got to get word to somebody first. So I've wrote it down, an' I want you to take it to my old chief Something-or-other. They won't be watchin' you. An' if you can't get it to him give it to a cop.'

"Well! I didn't want to, but Otto was trembling so and talked so dreadful that I said I'd try. An' then he gave me that letter. An' a message to phone after I'd given you the letter. An' then he looked up and turned chalky white an' he says: 'They're coming! They're coming! Go! Go! For God's sake go.' An' then he sashays away from me, tryin' to act as if he didn't belong with me, you understand?"

Asher nodded. He thought he did understand. The girl—Lottie Dare, did she say her name was—the girl was plainly of a romantic and excitable type and had built up a great adventure out of something that she had only half heard and less than half understood. However, Asher did not mind; the episode had jolted him out of a fit of blues. Not for the world would be hurt the girl's feelings by laughing at her. However——

"I understand," he said. "Go on?"

With a Crash One of the Windows of the Room Was Flung Up and Thru the Opening a Man Pitched Headlong Into the Room.

"Course I looked where Otto was going," she was going on. "Any lady would, you know. There were three or four men. One was big and black, with a Bolshevist beard; he came straight toward us; and the others began to circle around. I didn't understand, but I've got some sense—a girl's got to know a thing or two to be a lady instructress at the Jardin, you know—and I reckoned it was about my time to fade away. So I started. An' then they came after me. The big black man came straight for me, a-bustin' right thru the dancers."

"Yes!"

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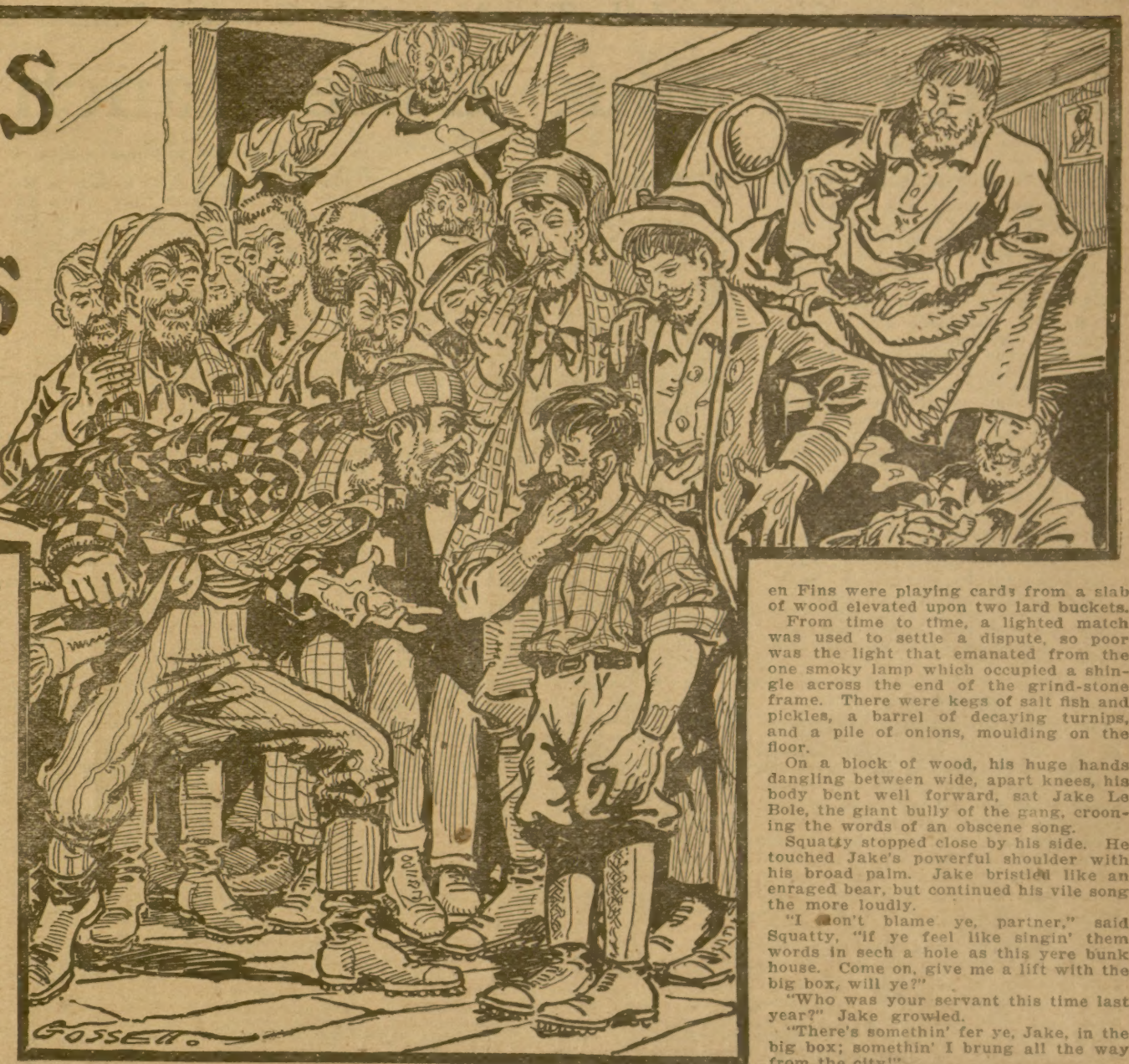
THEM'S HIS TOOLS

By Lora Wood Hughes



"You're a Coward," Roared Jake, "You're Afraid to Fight!"

"IT ISN'T a man I want. A man is no good for the Jolly Boy Drive. What I want is a good brute—a fellow with a muscle that will strike terror to 'em every time they look at him."

It was Herrick, overseer of the H. & R. Logging Company, telling his troubles to the clerk in the Success Employment Office.

The clerk jerked his thumb toward the door, where two men were blocking the entrance—two men you would look at a long time without a comment.

"Speaking of muscle"—Herrick turned around. The room was full of men of brawn and more or less brain, men who were waiting to dig and lift and pull their way into three meals a day, a bunk and a little to drink and gamble on at the end of the month.

"It's 'Squatty' Smith and Dave Currey—chums at large," grinned the clerk, adjusting his pipe. "Maybe Squatty's the fellow you're looking for."

A little apart from the others stood the two strange, unmatched men.

"By gosh, what a pair!" observed Herrick. He was at once absorbed in what he saw.

Dave was a long, lean, Jack-in-the-box sort, with an upward trend to his whole person. His hair stood straight upon his high forehead and his eyebrows seemed trying to catch up with his pompadore. His nose turned up with such vim that it pulled the upper lip along with it, lifting the corners of his mouth in a line of perpetual mirth. His shoulders were narrow and his long arms terminated in hands as slim and delicate as a woman's. The rest of him—was—legs, rubbery-like legs, hung so close that they flopped together at the knees when he walked.

Somehow, looking at Dave, Herrick thought of an umbrella turned wrong side out.

As for "Squatty"—he was a human weeping willow; short, bowlegged and drooping. His heavy hair hung down from a massive square head. His full beard framed a pair of eyes, unlit at the particular moment, like the eyes of an infant. He lumbered from side to side when he walked, like a trained gorilla. What Herrick noticed with the most conviction were the arms of Squatty, great Sandow sheaths of muscles stood out on them, like nothing Herrick had ever seen.

"I guess he has the ear-marks of a brute—that short one," Herrick finally remarked to the clerk. "Call him over, will you."

The clerk didn't call them over. He went over to the men. He knew them.

"How, boys," he said familiarly.

Sparks kindled in Squatty's eyes.

"Has she come?" he whispered thru his beard.

"Yep," answered the clerk, between his teeth. "It's Herrick of the H. & R. looking for a boss, a brute to manage the Jolly Boy Gang. Play up, boys," and he led the way to where Herrick was waiting the brief introduction, smoking the while.

Squatty drummed on the counter with slim, nervous fingers.

"What's your line?" Herrick squinted at Squatty thru smoke-bitten eyes.

"Gang boss." The sparks in Squatty's eyes kindled again.

"Where d'yu hail from?"

"Five Mile."

"Couldn't you manage 'em up there?"

Dave laughed. Squatty picked one boot toe with the other.

"Oh, I tamed 'em up there," he said, in an off-hand way.

"There ain't no monarchy on the hull river no more. They believe in a republic form o' government on the Five Mile."

Herrick was nonplused. A bit of admiration slipped it. Here was a brute who baffled.

"I'll give you a chance at the Jolly Boy Gang; last boss lying up with a fractured collar-bone. He'll put you onto the ropes, tho. Where can I pick you up, say about two?"

"Well,—" Squatty hesitated. "There's one thing as ain't been settled yet. It's him," pointing to Dave. "Me and him never goes apart."

"Oh, that so?" Herrick looked at Dave.

"All right," he said. "Reckon you can find something to keep him amused," and Squatty, thinking of the part Dave always played in his life among the lumberjacks, said amusedly: "I reckon I kin," and the bargain was cinched.

PROMPTLY at two, Herrick's light wagon drew up at the rooming-house which bore the number Dave had given him.

Instantly Dave appeared with two well filled duffle sacks; following came Squatty and a couple of men lugging a huge box.

"What in thunder!" began Herrick.

"Them's his tools," explained the smiling Dave. "He don't go nowhere to boss a gang without them tools."

"Tools, man!" Herrick began to think a couple of clowns were imposing on him. What sort of tools could a lumberjack carry in a box of that size? Well, no use. A bargain was a bargain. Herrick looked straight ahead. The box was heaved in. Squatty climbed on the seat by Herrick, Dave sat astride a brown duffle sack.

"All set," said Squatty. Herrick pulled the brake, the team leaped forward eager for the road.

Out of the town, on the little opening where the forest had stepped back a tiny bit to let the road go thru, Herrick ventured to talk of the difficulties of the Jolly Boy Camp.

"Ugly gang to manage out there, Smith."

"Sure," vouchsafed Squatty hopefully.

"Takes more swearing to drive that bunch than you ever heard at a circus."

Nothing from Squatty.

The wagon rattled on awhile. Herrick couldn't stand that stone image by his side. Why in Heaven's name didn't he talk—of the fights he must have had and the men he had tamed, or, remembering those arms, broken? Most river bosses were free enough to exploit their own strength if for nothing else than to gain confidence in themselves.

Not so Squatty. Silent he sat with his arms folded, his short body waving about as the wagon swayed this side and that.

At sundown the clearing widened. From the top of a hill the river came into view—a smooth ribbon, blue as the sky above it, reflecting along its farther bank, tall black pines tipped with the sunset's rosiness.

"Oh, Davie, me boy!" cried Squatty. "What a foine sight!"

Dave arose and stood hanging onto the back of the wagon seat. Thus they descended the hill into the Jolly Boy Camp.

The day's work was finished. There were half a dozen log buildings about which the unkempt, rough-clothed rivermen, twenty strong, lounged and smoked.

From one of the cabins a grimy Frenchman appeared and bent all his energies beating a piece of iron scraper hanging from the arm of a tree. Pipes were emptied. Every man turned toward the mess house. Behind the rest came Herrick, Dave, and the new boss. The place hummed like a hive; but when the men saw Herrick, the noise of conversation died away. Each man looked at his plate and the sipping of hot coffee mingled with the rattle of knives and forks.

Herrick noticed that Squatty did not look so powerful by the side of Jake Le Bole and a few of the giants. Trouble began brewing in Herrick's brain, and not caring to get mixed up in what he termed the inevitable, he decided to go on up the river until both the men and Squatty should find out "Who's who." Herrick swallowed his supper without a thought of Mr. Fletcher.

Rising, he said in a matter-of-fact way: "Boys, this man here, Smith his name is——"

"I'm Squatty, fellers," the new boss said, so clearly that every man heard; but he didn't raise his eyes from his well filled plate.

"Well then, 'Squatty,'" continued Herrick. "He's the new boss. I'm going to the upper camp for a few days. Hope things'll boom along. We're behind on No. 2 drive."

In twos and threes the men filed out. Herrick had some final words with Squatty, ordered the kid to bring around his horse, and rode away.

A dim light shone from the bunk-house windows. A hum of voices greeted Dave and Squatty as they approached. Some one was playing a mouth organ. The interior of the bunk house was anything but cheerful. Rude shelves, three tiers high, ran around the place from floor to roof. Each man claimed six feet of shelf as his bunk. Old quilts and blankets, smelling of tobacco and devitalized air, were piled in disgusting confusion. There were no benches. Nail kegs and apple boxes were at a premium. For the most part, each man claimed a block of wood or his duffle sacks as his resting place. A half dozen Fins were playing cards from a slab of wood elevated upon two lard buckets.

From time to time, a lighted match was used to settle a dispute, so poor was the light that emanated from the one smoky lamp which occupied a shingle across the end of the grind-stone frame. There were kegs of salt fish and pickles, a barrel of decaying turnips, and a pile of onions, moulding on the floor.

On a block of wood, his huge hands dangling between wide, apart knees, his body bent well forward, sat Jake Le Bole, the giant bully of the gang, crooning the words of an obscene song.

Squatty stopped close by his side. He touched Jake's powerful shoulder with his broad palm. Jake bristled like an enraged bear, but continued his vile song the more loudly.

"I don't blame ye, partner," said Squatty, "if ye feel like singin' them words in sech a hole as this yere bunk house. Come on, give me a lift with the big box, will ye?"

"Who was your servant this time last year?" Jake growled.

"There's somethin' fer ye, Jake, in the big box; somethin' I brung all the way from the city!"

Jake was about won over; but the men, knowing how Jake itched for a fight, closed around the pair. Jake caught the spirit of the amusement-hungry gang. He was no sissy to be hauled around by the nose. He told Squatty so in plain, profane language, and he warmed himself as he talked into a frenzy of vile names which he flung at Squatty broadside.

IT HAD come sooner than the new boss thought—the opportunity to use again what Squatty called his "sixth sense."

"Men," Squatty was speaking. His words reached every ear. The card game was discontinued. It was still as a church in the bunk house. "Men," Squatty reiterated, "there's just one place around here where we're goin' to use strength of muscle." He flung out his right arm, contracted the huge biceps and let it fall, relaxed against his thigh. "That one place is down on the river, battlin' with them logs. Around here, it's brains that counts—brains and a bit of a smile. I'm tired of fightin'. That's why I quit the game."

At the word "game," Jake picked up his ears. Squatty resumed: "There ain't much glory in being a bully, 'cause it don't last no time. Here's Jake. He's been the river king a year or so. Some day a feller comes along with a bigger hammer nor Jake's and Jake's not in it any more—see! Fightin' don't get ye nowheres!"

"You're a coward," roared Jake. "You're afraid to fight!"

"Well, maybe I am," answered Squatty. "But, anyway, Jake, ye ain't got nothin' on me, fer I know what ye think of me, but ye'll never know what I'm thinkin' of ye this minute. Come on, fellers. Now for the big show!"

Dave was hauling a duffle sack, two others the huge box, into the center of the room. Squatty took from the sack a large parcel done in heavy paper. It proved to be a mammoth Rochester lamp, with double reflectors.

"Who'll skuttle fer oil?"

The response was immediate. The lamp was fastened to the center post, and the reflectors adjusted. It transformed the whole place. A fine excitement began to possess the men as Dave removed the cover of the big box. The sides fell away, revealing a melodeon packed about with song books.

Without a word, Dave gathered his arm full and began passing each man a book.

Squatty stood by the melodeon. When Dave had finished with the books, he sat on an apple box and ran his fingers over the keys of the instrument.

Squatty made a low bow. When he

(Concluded on Page 17.)

More Chapters of the War Against the Grasping Lumber Company by

Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

By Jackson Gregory

A Summary of the Opening Chapters

BUD LEE, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, the largest in the West, was convinced that all was not going well with the big million-dollar industry since the tragic death of its sturdy and fearless founder, Luke Sanford, reputed millionaire.

BAYNE TREVORS, the taciturn general manager, was continually selling cattle and horses at lowest market prices, as well as other products of the ranch—choice timber, etc.—to the same set of buyers, as Bud Lee had begun to observe with growing suspicion. Such was the state of affairs when there came to the ranch a slender girl who said she was

JUDITH SANFORD, two-thirds owner of the ranch, and she proposed to have considerable to say in the running of it. When Trevors refused to take orders from a woman he was promptly discharged. High words ensued and Trevors seized Judith's shoulders to evict her. The girl pumped two bullets into his body, wounding him in shoulder and right arm.

Trevors quit the ranch and Judith proceeded to learn just how many of the cowboys and other employes would continue to work under her direction. Bud Lee agreed to remain—temporarily, some quit at once, while others decided to give it a try-out, "stick for awhile." However, Bud couldn't see that a woman's place was "riding bucking broncos and rampsing around." Ranch affairs were still quite unsettled when a telegram came from

POLLOCK HAMPTON, a young society man who owned a third interest in the ranch, demanding $3,000 at once. "Impossible," was Judith's reply. "Cash on hand needed for interest on loans and salaries. Have fired Trevors. Running the outfit myself."

Judith and Bud Lee later discussed Trevors' queer deals with the Western Lumber Company, which had been getting the ranch's choicest timber at a ridiculously low price.

This story began in No. 41, the Ledger for Oct. 14. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER V.

THE BIGNESS OF THE VENTURE.

"AND now," said Judith Sanford to the stillness about her—she was alone in the big ranch-house—"not being constructed of iron, I'm going to take a snooze."

She yawned, stretched her supple young body luxuriously, and passed slowly thru the empty rooms which, at her command, Jose had opened to the sweet morning air. Thru the great living-room, library, and music-room, where the grand piano stood dejectedly in its mantle of dust, she came to her own chambers at the southwest corner of the building. Her bed was made, the sheets clean and fresh and inviting, dressing-gown and slippers were upon the window-seat, and from her table a vase of glorious roses sent out a welcoming perfume.

"Good old Jose," she smiled.

Vivid blossom that she was upon the tough, hardy stalk of her pioneer ancestry, creature of ardent flame and passion which her blood and her life in the open had made her, she was not devoid of the understanding of the limit of physical endurance. Last night, thru the late moonlight and later starlight, thru the thick darkness which lay across the mountain trails before the coming of day, on into the dawn, she had ridden the forty miles from the railroad at Rocky Bend. Certain of treachery on the part of Bayne Trevors, she had arrived only to find him plotting another blow at her interests. She had ridden a mad brute of a horse whose rebellious struggle against her authority had taxed her to the last ounce of her strength. She had shot a man in the right shoulder and the left forearm. . . . And now, with no one to see her, she was pale and shaking a little, suddenly faint from the heavy beating of her own heart. She had virtually no sleep last night. She was glad of it. For now she would sleep, sleep.

"I am not to be called, no matter what happens," she said to Jose, who came trotting to the tinkle of her bell. "Thank you for the roses, Jose."

Slipping out of her clothes, she drew the sheet up to her throat—and tossed for a wretched hour before sleep came to her. A restless sleep, filled with broken bits of unpleasant dreams.

At 2 o'clock, swiftly dressing after a leisurely bath, she went out into the courtyard, where she found Jose making a pretense of gardening, whereas in truth for a matter of hours he had done little but watch for her coming.

"Jose," she said, as he swept off his wide hat and made her the bow reserved for la senorita and la senorita alone, "you will have to be lady's maid and errand-boy for me until I get things running right. I am going to telephone into town this minute for a woman to do cooking and housekeeping and be a nuisance around generally. While I do that, will you scare up something for me to eat and then saddle a horse for me? And don't make a fire, either; just something cold out of a can, you know."

She went to the office, arranged over the wire with Mrs. Simpson of Rocky Bend to come out on the following day, and then spent fifteen minutes studying the pay roll taken from the safe, which, fortunately, Trevors had left open. As Jose came in with a big tray she was running thru a file of reports made at the month-end, two weeks ago, by certain of the ranch foremen.

"Put it down on the table, Jose. Thank you," and she found time for a smile at her devoted servitor. "Now, have a horse ready, will you?" And without waiting for Jose's answer, taking up the telephone, she asked for the office at the Lower End, as the rich valley land of the western portion of the ranch was commonly making.

Briefly making herself known to the owner of the boyish voice which answered, she asked for "Doc" Tripp and was informed that the ranch veterinarian was no longer with the outfit. Judith frowned.

"Where is he?"

"Rocky Bend, I think."

"When did he leave us?"

"Three days ago."

"Why?"

"Fired. Mr. Trevors let him go."

"H-m!" said Judith. "Who has taken his place?"

"Bill Crowly is sort of acting vet, right now."

"Thanks," she said. Clicking off, she put in a call for "Doc" Tripp in Rocky Bend. "Get him for me as quick as you can, will you, please?" she asked of the operator in town.

For five minutes she munched at a sandwich and pored over the papers before her, dealing with this or that of the many interests of the big ranch. When at last her telephone-bell rang she found that it was Tripp.

"Hello, Doc," she said cordially. "I haven't seen you for so long I almost have forgotten how you comb your hair!" Tripp laughed with her at that; across the miles she could picture him running his big hand thru the rebellious shock. "Yes, I'm back to stay, and from the looks of it I didn't come any too soon. Yes, Doc, we do miss him," and her voice softened wonderfully to Tripp's mention of the man who had been more than father to her, more than friend to him. "But we are going to buck up and show folks that he knew his business. He would have made a go of the thing; we are going to do it. What was the trouble with you and Trevors?"

Tripp explained succinctly. He and the general manager had disagreed openly and frequently about that part of the work in which, until the coming of Trevors, the veterinarian had been entirely unhampered. Two months ago Trevors had reduced Tripp's wages and had threatened another cut.

"Just to make me quit, you know," he added. "And I would have quit if it had been any other outfit in the world."

"I know," she said, and she did understand. "Go on. What was the excuse for canning you?"

"Case of lung-worms," he told her. "Some of the calves, I don't know just how many yet. He insisted on my treating them the old way."

"Slaked lime? Or sulphur fumes?" she said quickly. "And you insisted on chloroform?"

"You've hit it!" he exclaimed wonderingly. "How'd you know?"

"I haven't been loafing on the job the last six months," she laughed. "I've been at the school at Davis and hobnobbing with some of the university men at Berkeley. They're doing some great work there. Doc, I'll want to talk to you about it. You're going down there, expenses paid, to brush up with a course or two this year. Now, how soon can you get back here?—Trevors? Oh, Trevors is fired. I'm running the ranch myself. And, Doc, I need a few men like you! Can you come early tomorrow?—Tonight? You're a God-blessed brick? Yes, I'll stop that murderous sulphur treatment if it isn't too late. Good-by."

She lost no time in calling for Bill Crowdy, the man whom Trevors had put into Tripp's place.

"By the way," she said when the man with the voice which had sounded so boyish in her ears answered again, "who are you?"

"Ed Masters," he told her. "Electrician, you know."

A glance at the pay roll in front of her showed that Edward Masters, general electrician, was a new man and was drawing eighty-five dollars monthly.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" she demanded sharply—"just hanging around the office? Is that the way you earn your eighty-five dollars?"

"Not always. But Trevors told me to be on hand today to take some orders."

"What work?"

"Don't know," he said frankly. "He didn't say."

"Well," said Judith, "I'll tell you one thing, Ed Masters. If you are one of the loaf-around kind you'd better call for your time tonight. If there's anything for you to do, go do it. Don't wait for Trevors. He's gone. Yes, for good. You can report to me here the first thing in the morning. Now send me Crowdy."

"He's down in the hospital and the hospital phone is out of order."

"And you're an electrician, hanging around for orders! That's your first job. Send the first man you can get your hands on to tell Crowdy I say not to touch one of those calves with the lung-worm. And not to do anything else but get ready to talk with me. I'll be down in half an hour."

SHE clicked up the receiver, drank a cup of lukewarm coffee, noting subconciously that Jose must have had a fire ready against the time of her awakening, and again consulted the files before her. Then again she used the telephone, ringing the Lower End office. This time it was another voice answering her.

"Where's Masters?" she asked.

"Gone down to the cow hospital," was the answer.

"Where's Johnson, the irrigation foreman?"

"Out in the south fields."

"And Dennings?"

"Went to look the olives over."

"Send out for both of them. I'm coming right down as fast as a horse will carry me and I want to talk with them. Wait a minute—I'll tell you when I'm thru with you. Who are you, anyway?"

"Williams, the ranch carpenter."

"What are you doing today? Repairs needed at the office where you are?"

"No. You see——"

"You bet I see!" she cried warmly. "The first thing I see is that I've got more men on this job than I need. If there's no work for you to do, call tonight for your time. If you've got anything to do, go do it."

She clicked off again, waited a brief second and rang three for the dairy. After she had rung several times and got no answer, she murmured to herself:

"There's some one too busy on the ranch to be just hanging round after all, it seems."

And she went out to Jose and the waiting horse.

As she rode the five miles down to the

But, as She Rode, the Valley Widened, Changed in Character; at First, Wandering Herds of Beef Cattle, With Now and Then a Riding Cowboy Turning in His Saddle to Wonder at Her.

office at the Lower End, her thoughts were constantly charged with an appreciation of the wonders which had been worked about her everywhere since that day, ten years ago, when she had first come with Luke Sanford to the original Blue Lake ranch. Then there had been only a wild cattle-range, ten thousand acres of brush, timber, and uncultivated open spaces. Nowhere would one find rougher, wilder stock-land in California. But Luke Sanford had seen possibilities and had bought the whole ten thousand acres, counting, from the first sight of it, upon acquiring as soon as might be those other thousands of acres which now made Blue Lake ranch on of the biggest of Western ventures.

It was late May, and the afternoon air was sweet and warm with the passing of spring. The girl's eager eyes traveled the length of the sky-seeking cliff almost at the back door of the ranch-house, which stood like some mighty barricade thrown up in that mythical day given over to the colossal struggle of a contending race of giants, and she found that there, alone, time had shown no change. Elsewhere, improvements at every turn were living monuments to the tireless brain of her father. Stock-corrals, sturdily built, outhouses spotless in their gleaming whitewash, monster barns, fenced-off fields, bridges across the narrow chasm of the frothing river, telephone poles with their wires binding into one sheaf the numerous activities of the ranch, a broad, graded road over which she and her father had come here the last time together in the big touring car.

Here the valley was only a mile across, shut in on both sides by cliff and steep, rocky mountain, walled by cliffs at the upper end, where the river from three-mile distant Blue Lake came down in flashing waterfalls.

But, as she rode, the valley widened, changed in character. At first, wandering herds of beef cattle, with now and then a riding cowboy turning in his saddle to wonder at her; then a gate to be opened as she stooped forward from her own saddle, and wide fields where the grass stood tall and untrodden and blooded Jersey cows looked up in mild interest; yonder a small pasture in which were five Guernseys, kept in religious seclusion, under ideal conditions, to further certain investigations into the ratios of five different kinds of fodder to the amount of butter-fat produced; across a green meadow a pure-blooded Jersey bull, whose mellow bellowings drew Judith's eyes to the clean line of his perfect back, over which, with pawing hoofs, he was throwing much tramped earth; in a more distant pen, accepting the trumpeted challenge and challenging back, a beautiful specimen of careful breeding in Ayrshire.

The road wound on, following generally the line of the river, which began a generous broadening, flowing more evenly thru level fields. Looking down the valley, Judith could see the white-washed clump of buildings where were the second office, the store and the blacksmith's shop, the tiny cottages. And beyond, the barns, the dairy, the tall silos standing like lookout towers, the alfalfa fields crisscrossed with irrigating ditches, and still farther on, the pasture lands where the big herd of cows was grazing.

Here the valley was spread out until from side to side it measured something more than four miles. The bordering mountains, like the river, had grown into a softer mood; rolling hills scantily timbered, rich in grass, were dotted with herds, cattle and horses, or fenced off here and there, reserved for later pasturage.

Across the river, to the south, Judith marked the wandering calves, offspring of the herd; to the north, along the foothills, the subdued green of the olive orchards.

"It's a big, big thing!" she whispered, and her eyes were very bright with it all, her cheeks flushed. "Big!"

Passing one of the great barns, she heard the trumpet call of a stallion and, turning, saw in the corral one of those glorious brutes which Bud Lee had spoken of to Trevors as "clean spirit." From the instant her eyes filled to the massive beauty of him, she knew who he was: Night Shade, sprung from the union of Mountain King and Black Empress; regal-blooded, ebon-black from silken fetlock to flowing mane; a splendid 4-year-old destined to tread his proud way to a first prize at the coming State Fair at Sacramento, a horse many stock-fanciers had coveted.

She stopped and marveled afresh at him, paid him his due of unstinted admiration, and then spurred on to the little clump of buildings marking the lower ranch headquarters. At the store, where a ten-by-ten room was partitioned off to serve as office, she swung down from the saddle and, leaving her horse with dragging reins, went in.

"Hello, Charlie. You're still left to us, are you?" she said, as she stepped forward to shake hands with Miller, the storekeeper and general utility man of the settlement. "I'm glad to see you."

"So'm I, Miss Judy," grinned Charlie looking the part. "Howdy."

"I wanted to see Johnson and Dennings. Are they here yet?"

"No," answered Miller. "Johnson, the ditch man, you mean? He's somewhere at the Upper End. He's got a crew of men up there making a new dam or somethin' or other. Been at it purty near a week, now, I guess. They camp up there."

"How many men are with him?" she asked quickly.

"About a dozen," and he looked hard at her. Judith frowned. But instead of saying what she might be thinking, she inquired where Dennings was.

"Out in the olive orchards, I guess." He paused, filled a pipe he had neither desire nor intention of smoking, and said abruptly: "What's this I hear about Trevors? Canned him?"

"Yes."

"Um!" said Miller. "Well, Miss Judy, I ain't sayin' it wasn't purty near time he got the hooks. But, lemme tell you something. While you're riding around this afternoon, if I was you I'd pike over to the milking corrals."

She looked at him sharply.

"What is it, Charlie?"

"You just ride over," said Miller. "It ain't more'n a step and' I'll just shet up store an' mosey along after you."

VAGUELY uneasy because of Charlie Miller's manner, Judith galloped down toward the four corrals where the cows were milked. From a distance she saw that there were a number of men, ten or twelve of them, standing in a close-packed group. She wondered what it was that had drawn them from their work at this time of day; what that big, bull-voiced man was saying to them. She heard the muttering rumble of his words before the words themselves meant anything to her. A quick glance over her shoulder showed her Charlie Miller hastening behind her, pickhandle in hand.

Miller Was Hastening Back With the Wage Money When a Man Sprung Out in Front of Him.

Her way carried her by a long, narrow building standing out like a great capital E, the cow hospital. She thought of Bill Crowdy and the sick calves as she drew near, but was passing on to the men at the milk corrals, when the breeze, blowing lightly from the west, brought to her nostrils a whiff of sulphur.

A quick tide of red ran into her cheeks; that fool, Ed Masters, had not told Crowdy to refrain from the old-fashioned, deadly treatment! Almost before her horse had set his four feet at the command of a quick touch upon the reins, the girl was down and hurrying into the middle door of the three, calling out as she went:

"Crowdy! Oh, Crowdy!"

She came into a small whitewashed room where were a table, two chairs, and a telephone; passed thru this into the calf-yard. Here were several compartments with doors which allowed of making them almost air-tight. And here she was met by a stronger smell of sulphur fumes.

"Crowdy!" she called again. "Where are you? "

Bill Crowdy, a heavy, squat figure of a man, shifty-eyed, with hard mouth and a nervous, restless air, came down a long hallway, smoking a cigarette. His eyes rested with no uncertain dislike upon Judith's eager face.

"I'm Crowdy," he said. "Want me?"

"I told Masters to tell you to stop the sulphur treatment for the lung-worm calves. Hasn't he told you?"

"Mr. Trevors said I was to give it to them," said Crowdy. "I can't be taking orders off'n every hop-o'-my-thumb like that college kid."

"Then Masters did tell you?"

"Sure, he told me," said Crowdy in surly defiance. "But if I was to listen to everything the likes of him says——"

Judith's eyes were fairly snapping.

"You'll listen to the likes of me, Bill Crowdy!" she cried passionately, a small fist clinched. "You get those calves out into some fresh air just as quick as the Lord will let you! Into a pen by themselves. Doc Tripp will attend to them in the morning."

"Tripp's gone."

"He's on his way back, right now. And you're on your way off the ranch. Understand? You can come to the office for your pay tonight."

Crowdy shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"If I'm fired," he growled in that ugly voice which was so fitting a companion to that ugly mouth of his, "I quit right now. Get some of your other Willies to turn your calves out."

For a moment, in the heat of anger, Judith's quirt was lifted as tho she would strike him. Then she turned instead and ran to do her own bidding.

A moment later Miller was with her. The two of them got the calves, there were seven of them—out of the sulphur-laden air and into the corral. The poor brutes, coughing softly in paroxysms, some of them frothing at the mouth, two of them falling repeatedly and rising slowly upon trembling legs, filed by in a pitiful string. One of the youngest lay still in the hospital, dead.

"He would have killed them all," said Judith, her teeth set as she looked at the living calves in the corral where, with necks thrust far out, they fought for each breath. "And Bayne Trevors ordered a treatment that he knows has gone into the discard! Charlie, that man has gone further than I thought he had the nerve to go."

"Crowdy did something else that don't look just right," said Miller, gazing with eyes of longing after the burly, departing figure. "I saw him do it just after Masters carried him your message. He drove three of the sick calves—there's a dozen or more got the worms, you know—out into the pasture with the well calves."

Judith didn't answer. She looked at Miller a moment as tho she thought this must be some wretched jest of his. And when she read in his eyes the earnestness in his heart, there rose within her the question: "How far has Bayne Trevors gone?"

"Charlie," she said finally, "I want you to close store for the rest of the day. Get some one to help you and cut the sick calves out from the bunch. Haze them back here into the detention corral. Tripp will attend to them all in the morning. Now, tell me—what's wrong down at the milk corrals? What are all of those men up to?"

"We're going to see, me an' you," answered Miller. "I don't just know. But I do know there's a big guy down there that come onto the ranch a couple of hours ago an' that don't belong here. He's that guy talking. Name of Nelson. He ain't done any talking to me, but from a word or two I picked up from one of the milkers I got a hunch he's been sent over by Trevors."

Nelson, the big emissary for Trevors—for he admitted the fact openly and pleasantly—took off his hat to Judith and said he guessed he'd be going. And the men with whom he had been talking, including all of the milkers and all of the other workmen upon whom Nelson could get his meddlesome hands at short notice, all men whom Trevors had placed here, made known in hesitant speech or awkward silence that they were going with Nelson. There were good jobs open with the lumber company, it seemed. Nelson even expressed the hope that the quitting of these men wouldn't work any hardship to the Blue Lake ranch.

Judith, her eyes flashing, asked no man of them to remain, seeing that thus she would but humiliate herself fruitlessly, and turned away. And yet, with the herds of cows with bursting bags soon ready for the nightly milking, she watched the men move away, her heart bitter with anger.

"They've got to be milked, Charlie," was all that she said. "Who will milk them until I can get a new crew?"

"I'll tuck in an' help," answered Miller ruefully. "I hate it worse'n poison, an' I can't milk more'n ten cows, workin' twenty-four-hour shifts. I'll try to scare up some of the other boys that can milk." But he shook his head and looked regretfully at the pickhandle. "Good milkers is scarce as gold eggs," he muttered. "And the separator men has quit with the rest."

"Get Masters, the electrician, on the job. Get anybody you can. I'm going back to the ranch-house pretty soon and I'll try to send some one from there."

"Cowboys can't milk," said Miller positively. "An' besides, they won't. But somehow we'll make out for a day or so."

"We've got to make out!" exclaimed Judith. "We've got to beat that man Trevors, Charlie, and do it quick. If he'll try to keep us short-handed, if he'll spend money to do it, if he'll do a trick like giving sulphur for lung-worm and then send infected stock out into the herds, I don't know just where he will stop—unless we stop him."

In spite of her intentions, it was nearing the time of dusk when she returned to the ranch-house. As she came up the knoll from the barn, she saw for the first time a thin line of bluish smoke rising from the north ridge. Saw and understood the new menace. For that way had Benny, the discharged cook, gone.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUNG HAMPTON REGISTERS A PROTEST.

IT WAS after 8 o'clock when Tripp rode in on a sweat-wet horse. Judith met him in the courtyard, giving him her two hands impulsively.

"I'm so glad you've come, Doc!" she cried softly. "Oh, you don't know how glad—yet."

She called Jose to take Tripp's mount and then led the way into the great living-room where deep cushions and leather chairs made for comfort.

"I'll give you time to draw a second breath," she told him, forcing into her tone a lightness which she did not quite feel, even tho a surge of satisfaction had warmed her at the first thud of his horse's hoofs. "Then we'll talk."

She switched on the lights and turned to look at Tripp. He was the same little old Doc Tripp, she noted. His wiry body, scarcely bigger than a boy's of 14, he was a man of 50 whose face, like his body, suggested the boy with bright, eager eyes and a frank, friendly smile.

"Prettier than ever, Judy?" Tripp cocked his head to one side and gave his unqualified approval of the slim, supple body, and superb carriage of this girl of the mountains, warming to the vivid, vital beauty of the rosy face. "Been driving those cow-college boys down at Berkeley plumb crazy, I'll bet a prize colt!"

Judith laughed at him, watched his slight form disappear in the wide arms of a chair which seemed fairly to smother him in its embrace. Then from her own nook by the fireplace she opened her heart to him:

"It's not just that Trevors has crippled me by taking all of my milkers away; not just that he has come near doing I don't know how much harm in having Crowdy turn those calves with the lung-worm out into the fields with the others; not just that during the last few months he has lost money for us right and left; not just that Benny, the cook, has tried to fire the range."

"What's that last?" said Tripp quickly. "Tried to smoke you out, huh?"

She told him briefly. How she had first seen the smoke as she came back to the ranch-house; how she had sent Jose on the run to get some of the other hands to see that the fire did not spread; how, a little while ago, Carson, the cattle foreman, had come in and assured her that the damage was negligible.

"It was just a brush fire," said Judith. "Thank Heaven, things are pretty green yet. Carson says it might have been lighted by Benny, who, it seems, is one of Trevors' hirelings and not above this sort of thing; or it might have been accidentally started by some careless hunter. Anyway, and that's enough for me, the fire broke out close to the trail that Benny traveled on his way to the Western Lumber camp. But it isn't just these things which have set me to wondering, Doc. What I want to know is this: In how many other, still undiscovered ways, has Trevors been knifing us? And what else will he have ready to spring on us now?"

"Just what do you mean?" Tripp looked at her keenly.

"This case of lung-worm, to begin with: Where did it come from?"

"Imported," said Tripp. "Trevors bought those calves, or at least four of the sick ones, last month. Brought them in from somewhere down the river. Smuggled 'em in, so far as I am con-

(Continued on Page 18.)

THE MATCHBREAKER

by WILLARD E. HAWKINS

"I Used to Think Nothing of Going Out Before Breakfast and Breaking Two or Three Broncos for an Appetizer."

FOR several minutes the conversation had languished. Bruce Lonsbury sat enveloped in gloom, staring moodily into the fireplace. That there was something on his mind was evident even to the rather slow discernment of Ray Stewart. Presently Bruce spoke:

"Ever think of the time I saved your life in college?"

Ray's elongated figure straightened.

"When in blazes did you save my life?" he demanded.

Bruce sighed. "It's of no consequence. I'm too modest to mention such things, anyhow. I merely thought you'd remember the night when the wind blew out the gas while you were studying, and I happened to come home in time to shut it off."

"If the wind was blowing that hard, I'd have been a long time getting asphyxiated," responded Ray, ungraciously. "Why drag up——" He paused in sudden suspicion.

"Well," demanded Bruce, guiltily.

"Out with it," insisted Ray. "I might have known you didn't come three hundred miles just to pay a social call."

Bruce straightened. "You happen to be right," he admitted, with disarming candor. "I'm going to ask a small favor—tho nothing was further from my thoughts when I mentioned that little heroic act——"

He paused, in deference to the moan of distress from his listener.

"Wait—I'll explain. You'll laugh when you find how simple it is. You know my kid sister——"

"No," interjected Ray. "I don't know her."

"I mean you know of her. Flighty little nuisance with all sorts of independent ideas. Well, this kid sister of mine is—is giving me all kinds of worry. I suppose I take my brotherly responsibility too seriously—" Bruce glanced at his companion, but encountered a glance deeply edged with distrust. He sighed. "The truth is, she has fallen for a red-neck Westerner that's camped near us up at Lake St. Vrain."

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Several reasons. In the first place, she's too young and unsophisticated. In the second, we don't know anything about this bird. In the third—oh, there's all sorts of reasons. Besides, if Kitty should go and get married, I'd be expected to stick around home more. As it is, she and I squabble so that the folks are glad to send me an allowance to live elsewhere."

"Oh!" Ray's tone expressed enlightenment. "What do you want me to do?"

"Why—" Bruce chuckled ingratiatingly—"it struck me you might pay us a visit and sort of—divert Kitty's attention."

"Nothing doing!" retorted Ray with feeling. "What makes you think I could beat this Western fellow's time?"

"That," explained Bruce enthusiastically, "is just where the ingenuity of my plan comes in." He rose and stood with his back to the fire. "She's wild about Westerners—thinks they're so free and independent, and all that. The idea is that you go down as another Westerner—only more so."

Ray stared.

"For nerve," he acknowledged, "you've got the world beat. I'll laugh when I find how simple it is. Ha! ha! I'm laughing, all right."

"And while you're at it I'll get down to details. All Kitty really knows about you is that we were roommates in college. I've got her so fed up on your exploits that she's ready to accept you as the hottest product of Western dare-devilry that ever came out of Arizona. Your four years at college didn't even leave a mark of civilization. Why, you used to wear your chaps to recitations and slept with your spurs on. In your own community it is customary to refer to you as 'the terror of the plains.' You see, it's all fixed, as far as Kitty is concerned," hinted Ray darkly.

"Of course," Bruce hastened to add, "you'll have to live up to your reputation—but that's easy. I've brought a suitcase full of Western novels. You can skim thru them in two or three days and absorb the lingo, while you're buying your outfit."

"But I'm not going!" protested Ray, in alarm.

"Yes, you are. Think of the adventure. Think of the——"

"All I can think of is how quick this real Westerner will spot me."

"Let him," retorted Bruce, airily. "The others won't know the difference, because you're going to look so gloriously Western that he'll seem a Fifth avenue floorwalker by comparison." He glanced at his watch. "It's only 10 o'clock. Don't you think you could wriggle thru a Western novel or two before you go to bed tonight?"

IN THE end Bruce prevailed, as his victim had experienced a foreboding that he would. By the time the train journey to Lake St. Vrain had nearly reached its end, Ray began, at least, to feel more confidence in the use of his broad Western dialect—the dialect which supposedly weathered four years at an institution of higher learning!

True, some of the passengers on the train eyed him suspiciously, a few even amusedly; but to a large proportion, it heartened him to observe, he was sufficiently convincing to be regarded with a certain respect.

Behold him—six feet tall, his altitude startlingly accentuated by the towering stetson that topped him off. His neck reared itself from a bandana of brilliant hue, a beaded vest partly covered his flannel shirt, and chaps of long-haired sheep-skin exaggerated his lower hemisphere.

The secret pride of his heart, however, was a pair of clanking steel spurs. His belt, tho wide and impressive, was innocent of revolver holsters, out of deference to the constituted authorities.

"How do I look?" he asked nervously, as the two stood on the little swaying platform of the train while it slowed down for the destination.

Bruce studied him critically. "You'll have 'em going," he declared. "Only—I never noticed what a long way your neck runs up the back of your head And your ears——"

"What's the matter with my ears?" demanded Ray.

"Nothing—except they do seem awfully pink. By Jove, there's Kitty—come to meet us."

Ray found himself being introduced to a dashing young woman and a heavy-set man in high boots and a felt hat. He swung his own Stetson to the ground with a "Howdy, folks—glad to meet you-all," and felt that the greeting was a credit to his preparation.

During the automobile ride to the Lonsbury summer home, he occupied the front seat with Kitty, who drove daringly. At every jolt he felt the eyes of the heavy-set man whose name, as he had understood it, was Gentry, fairly boring into the back of his neck. Ray did not need to be told that he was the real Westerner. He felt morbidly self-conscious.

Introductions were once more in order when they arrived at the cottage, a couple of hundred feet from the water's edge. Kitty's father regarded him with silent disapproval from behind old-fashioned, steel-rimmed spectacles, and her mother seemed a bit bewildered. As quickly as possible, Bruce hustled him to the room which they were to occupy jointly.

"It's a success!" he exulted, closing the door. "Sis has fallen for you already like a ton of brick."

A warm glow stole over Ray. For the first time, he shared fully his friend's enthusiasm. Kitty was altogether a diffent sort of person than he had pictured.

"Don't tarry," urged Bruce. "Gentry is green with envy, and he won't do a thing but slip in a few slurring remarks about you, if he gets a chance."

"I know he sees thru me."

"But he can't say a word without making everybody think he's doing it out of jealousy."

A peculiar light gleamed from the Westerner's eyes as Ray and Bruce joined the others on the veranda. Kitty was bubbling over with excitement.

"You do, don't you?" she demanded, impulsively rising to meet Ray.

Intoxicated by the admiration in her eyes, Ray would have answered rashly that he did, but Bruce forestalled him with a suspicious demand for particulars.

"He knows what I mean, of course," declared Kitty. "Those twisting sort of stunts with a rope, you know."

"Twirl a lariat," prompted Gentry.

"Twirl a lariat!" repeated Ray. "Well, I rather say I do. I've twirled"—he paused—"I've twirled most of the lariats in Arizona, if that means anything."

"Splendid!" said Kitty. "And I know you must be just awfully quick on the draw."

"Modesty forbids me to say."

"And breaking broncos must be mere child's play for you."

"My favorite pastime. Why"— Again Ray paused for inspiration—and again he caught a glitter in Gentry's eyes that caused him a shiver of misgiving—"why,

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I used to think nothing of going out before breakfast and breaking two or three broncos for an appetizer."

Here Bruce thought it time to interfere.

"What's all this quizzing for?" he asked distrustfully. "If you're hinting that Ray isn't the real article——"

"I never thought or such a thing!" retorted his sister. "Mr. Gentry has suggested that we arrange a cowboy tournament and exhibition here, and I want to make sure that Mr. Stewart will take part."

Ray leaned against the wall for support. "I would—that is, I'd like to," he floundered, "only I promised to go back on the next train."

"You did nothing of the sort!" countered Bruce savagely. He turned to the others. "It's just his confounded modesty. The minute you try to get him to do any of these tunts for exhibition purposes, he gets stage fright."

"But Mr. Gentry agreed," insisted Kitty. "Surely you will—just to please me—won't you?"

Into the dizzy depths of her liquid blue eyes Ray looked. What reply he made, he could never remember, but it completely failed to meet with Bruce's approval, to judge from that young gentleman's frenzied comments as soon as he could get Ray away on pretext of showing him the boathouse.

"Just when I had an alibi almost fixed up for you!" he added bitterly. "Now you're in for it. Gentry was too cute to say anything that would show you up—he's going to see that you show yourself up."

Ray sat on an upturned rowboat and buried his head in his arms. "You got me into this, anyway. Now there's nothing to do but slide out for home."

"No! not that." Bruce was plainly alarmed. "You're doing fine with Kitty, and if we can stall off this tournament—I tell you, just let things drift, and I'll get you out of it."

At dinner, that evening, Ray was seized with an inspiration. "I've just thought of something," he announced. "Too bad, because it spoils my exhibition. I've forgotten to bring my lariat."

Kitty looked disappointed — Bruce looked relieved. But neither emotion was long-lived.

"Can't you use the clothesline?" asked Mrs. Lonsbury, sympathetically.

"Oh, lovely," brightened Kitty. "Besides, if that won't do, we can buy a rope in town."

"Oh, it will do all right, I guess," said Ray, whose ideas about lariats were purely academic. He ate the rest of the meal in gloom.

When Gentry came up to the veranda after dinner, Kitty told him of her brief "scare" lest the tournament should be called off. "But it's all right," she assured him. "We're going to take the clothesline. Mr. Stewart says it will be just the thing."

Little choking noises came from Gentry's throat. "I've no doubt a cowpuncher of our friend's capabilities can perform wonderful feats with a clothesline," he observed.

"That reminds me of a question I've always wanted to ask," spoke up Kitty. "Why is it—" she glanced deferentially at Ray—"that cowboys punch cattle, as they call it?"

"Funny," interjected Bruce frantically, "I've often wondered about that, myself. Suppose you tell us, Mr. Gentry."

But his attempt to shift the burden was unsuccessful. "I'm sure," said Gentry—and his vocal organs again seemed affected in some strange way—"that our Arizona friend can answer that much better than I can."

"Oh, he can answer it," agreed Bruce with forced enthusiasm. "He can answer anything about the West. Why, I remember one time when we were in college, and the Profs.—that is, the time I'm thinking of was when the fellows tried to haze him and he got out his little old lariat rope and swung it around and caught them all—and the next morning——"

"Bruce!" cut in his sister. "I never heard such rudeness. Please let Mr. Stewart answer the question."

"Oh, all right!" Bruce's tone was resigned. "I give up."

"Now," insisted Kitty, turning to Ray, "why do they punch the poor innocent cows?"

Ray cleared his throat. He dropped his hat and had a miserable time recovering it from under his chair. He hoped the sky would fall—but it didn't. Funny, none of the Western novels he had crammed up on seemed to answer this question. They just spoke of cowpunching as tho assuming that everybody was familiar with the process.

"It's a technical phrase," he temporized, "and I'm afraid I couldn't explain so that you'd understand."

"But we'll try," insisted Kitty.

He took a long breath. After all, a good bluff was almost certain to get by.

"In a nutshell," he explained, "the purpose of punching the cattle is to drive them home so they can be milked."

"Oh," responded Kitty.

"Of course," he went on more confidently, "there is a lot more to it, but that gives you a general idea."

"And what do they punch them with?"

"Oh—broom handles, sticks—anything that comes handy. It sounds a bit cruel, but really the cows get so they sort of look for it."

Gentry was seized with a violent fit of coughing at this point. Before another unsafe topic could be broached, Bruce succeeded in extricating his guest by pleading the need for sleep.

AS THE day passed, Ray gained confidence. His masquerade, however irksome at times, at least had the effect of according him a flattering share of Kitty's interest. He discovered that Bruce's estimate of his sister was altogether erroneous and prejudiced. She was, as Ray mentally expressed it, the possessor of a beautiful, original nature. The more he dwelt upon the possibility that she might succumb to the fascinations of Gentry, the more distasteful grew the idea. But Gentry, quite obviously, was losing out. It must have been as Bruce had predicted, that Ray was so gloriously Western that he could "get away with any thing."

Only one shadow clouded his path, but that was dark and ominous. The day for the wild Western tournament had been definitely set. It was a week, five days, three days, two days off, and still Bruce had failed to disclose how he intended to ward off exposure.

"You'd better hurry up and produce," Ray reminded him, on the morning of the day before the exhibition. "It doesn't matter how much progress I make with Kitty, if I'm to be shown up by Gentry at the last. He'll get her on the rebound when she realizes how mistaken she was in me."

"Don't tell me what I already know," returned Bruce, irritably. "If worst comes to worst, you can be called away by a telegram."

"Yes, and leave him a clear field," added Ray significantly. "Don't you suppose you could learn——"

"Nothing doing! I took a rope out behind the garage yesterday and practiced for an hour, trying to lasso a stump. Ended by catching myself by the spurs and going over on my nose. And they're going to bring in a real bad horse from some farm. Bronco busting! I can't ride a hobby-horse, and you know it."

"You might——" Bruce paused with an inspiration—"you might fall and break a leg."

"No. It would just be putting opportunity in his way. He'd suspect and manage to expose that I was pretending."

"I mean really break it," urged Bruce desperately. "You could fall——"

Ray straightened to his full height. "Just forget that stuff," he advised. "I'll risk my reputation for friendship, but I draw the line at being mangled."

"Oh, very well; I'll probably think of something before tomorrow."

But tomorrow came, and with it no inspiration. Bruce appeared at breakfast wearing a haggard aspect. He spoke darkly about the weather prospects, tho Kitty declared enthusiastically that no fairer day could have dawned for her contest. She had notified a few of the neighbors and invited some guests out from the city to witness the treat. They would arrive on the 11 o'clock train.

And then, out of seeming darkness, came a ray of hope.

Gentry strolled over after breakfast with his arm in a sling.

"My wrist," he explained, as Kitty ran in consternation to meet him. "Broke it last evening in a fall from Eagle rock. Walked two miles for a doctor—it was paining like blazes, too. But it isn't the injury I mind. It's not being able to take part in your tournament."

"We'll call it off, of course," assured Bruce. "Ray wouldn't think of going on, now that you're forced out of it."

"I rather guess not!" declared Ray, to whom the world suddenly seemed transformed into a garden of singing birds and beautiful roses.

"But I insist," said Gentry, showing his even teeth. "You can't afford to disappoint Kitty—and her guests."

Kitty pressed her hands to her face. "I—I don't know what to say," she declared. "It seems just terrible to get them out here and disappoint them."

Ray gritted his teeth. "I simply won't go on with it," he declared. "It—it wouldn't be ethical."

"There's nothing a Westerner watches closer than his ethics," chimed in Bruce.

"Suppose," said Gentry, smoothly, "we leave it to Miss Kitty. I'm sure Mr. Stewart will put her wishes first."

"Will you?" she queried, suddenly darting Ray a look that ordinarily would have set his pulses pounding.

He gulped, nodding affirmatively.

For a moment, she considered, digging her heel into the ground. Finally she looked up.

"If my wishes count," she said, "we'll go on with it."

"Then it's settled," rejoined Gentry. "And even if I cannot take an active part, I shall insist on helping to stage the affair." He grinned at Ray, who for a moment felt capable of deeds too dark for mention.

"Nice fix you've got me into," moaned Bruce, when Kitty had departed to meet the train on which her guests were expected.

Ray stared. "I got you into?" he demanded.

"Certainly. Why didn't you break your wrist, as I suggested, and beat him to it?"

Beyond favoring him with a glance of scorn, Ray took no notice of this. "Do you know," he mused, "it does seem funny."

"Highly trained sense of humor you've got. What seems funny?"

"That he should do the very thing we were talking about."

Bruce opened his eyes wide.

"Ray!" he exclaimed with conviction, "you're a chump—and I'm another. Why didn't we suspect before?"

"But we're not sure yet. And I don't see what good it would do us if we were."

"You don't! Just wait till I get thru explaining and then—Oh, boy!"

The explanation sounded good, as Ray was forced to acknowledge—but there was something wrong—something decidedly wrong.

Just what it was he could not define, but a still small voice seemed to be trying to whisper a warning.

However, still small voices don't carry far in competition with those of former college yell leaders. Driven at last to a final despairing refuge, Ray protested:

"But it'll be hard on Kitty to fool all those guests she's bringing out."

"Guests! You don't suppose I was going to have our fake exposed before a lot of people, do you? I had presence

(Continued on Page 19.)

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A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

VERY few people recognize dandruff as a disease, a contagious disease, and one that leads surely to incurable baldness. Indeed, one often hears the layman remark, "Dandruff is a fertilizer for the hair and makes it grow," and "A little dandruff in the hair shows you have good hair." Dandruff is not a triviality. It is a very dangerous disease in a destructive sense. It is caused by a microscopic "bug" or germ, the technical name of which is microsporon furfur. This germ causes the disease known technically as seborrhoea and commonly as dandruff. These germs dig down underneath the outer skin of the scalp and attach themselves to the roots of the hairs, stealing the nourishment out of the roots that the hair should have. So that, when the old hairs fall out—for the life of a single hair is but from two to six years, and fifty to sixty hairs fall daily from the healthiest of heads—so that, as I was saying, when the old hairs fall out, the new ones cannot come in fast enough to replace them because these germs are taking all their nourishment. If nothing is done for the disease then baldness will come some day before it should. In fact the statistics on it show that ninety per cent of all cases of baldness is due to seborrhoea or, in other words, dandruff.

Among the symptoms of dandruff is the excessive scaling off of small, grayish-white flakes. When the germs dig under the skin to entrench themselves about the hair roots, the skin shrivels and peels off in these flakes. The other symptoms are a more or less itching of the scalp and sometimes a redness of the scalp. There is an oily dandruff where the flakes cling to the scalp and may be scraped off, but do not fall out. And there is the dry dandruff where the dried skin may be shaken out. Sometimes the germs make inroads into the forehead, eyebrows, face, neck and back. They feed upon the tiny hairs that almost completely cover the surface of the body.

Dandruff is most communicable and one person easily catches it from another simply by using the same hairbrush or comb or sleeping on the same pillow or adjoining pillows.

Now for the treatment. Avoid water and avoid frequent shampooing. Instead, brush the hair out thoroly with dry cornmeal, first rubbing the cornmeal into the scalp and then brushing it all out. This is merely for cleanliness. Of course, it goes without saying, that the brushes and combs should be kept perfectly clean at all times. To stamp out the germ, rub into every portion of the scalp—parting the hair successively in many, many places as you do so—a lotion or else an ointment made up of sulphur, carbolic acid, chloral, resorcine, some salt of mercury or potassium sulphide. Ask your druggist to prepare any one of these lotions for you, telling him it is for external application. Nightly applications or rubbings-in of the lotion or ointment are often recommended. And when you do have to wash your hair and scalp, use a sulphur soap exclusively.

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Cornmeal Mush
Baked Eggs
Rolls Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Vegetable Soup
Vegetarian Loaf
Tomato Sauce
Spinach
Boiled Potatoes
Fig Cake Canned Fruit

SUPPER.

Vegetable Salad with Boiled Dressing
Bread and Butter Cocoa
Canned Fruit

Baked Eggs.

Butter a shallow baking dish; break the eggs into it; season with pepper and salt, and put a bit of butter on each; bake until well set; remove to a warm platter, and serve. The eggs will look nicer if baked in buttered "patty-pans."

Boiled Dressing.

Beat three eggs and gradually add one tablespoon oil, half a tablespoon mustard and a tablespoon salt. Then add three-quarters of a cup of vinegar and then a cup and a quarter of milk. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until thick.

Fig Cake.

One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of flour, whites of four eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift the flour lightly before measuring. Flavor to suit the taste. This will make three layers. After baking the layers, put between them the following, which has been cooked together ten minutes: Half a pound of figs, chopped fine, one teacupful of water, and half a teacupful of sugar.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

SEASONED VINEGARS

DO YOU ever use seasoned vinegars? They are excellent for giving variety to salads, especially in winter, when there are not so many vegetables and greens.

You can prepare these vinegars yourself. Following are some suggestions for doing so:

Pepper Vinegar.

Fill a small bottle half full of small peppers or chillies; fill it up with cider vinegar. It will be ready for use in a few days. The older it grows, the stronger and better it is. The bottle may be filled up with vinegar as it diminishes. Two or three drops for a plate of soup or salad will be found sufficient.

Tarragon Vinegar.

Pick the tarragon leaves before the plant begins to blossom; put them into a stone jar; pour over them the best cider vinegar; cover the jar, and set in a warm place until the vinegar shall become flavored with the leaves; then put into a porcelain kettle; steep gently; strain, and bottle closely. Two quarts of vinegar will be required for about five handfuls of leaves.

Garlic Vinegar.

Put two ounces of minced garlic into a quart of vinegar.

Horseradish Vinegar.

Take three ounces of horseradish, nicely grated, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one ounce of shallots, chopped or minced very fine, and add them to a quart of good vinegar.

Decorative Hint.

SAVE silver and gilt papers which come wrapped around cigars and candies. A pretty thing can be made of them.

Take an old square or round picture frame, put a piece of colored silk under the glass, cut out forms of leaves from the gilt paper and place onto colored silk in form of a wreath. Attach small brass handles to the ends of the picture and you have an attractive tray. Black silk and silver leaves are good under the glass, or gold leaves on white silk.

TO GET more lemon juice heat a lemon slightly before squeezing it. It will produce nearly twice as much.

Care of Stockings.

IF SILK stockings are washed after each time they are worn they will last longer. It is the perspiration that causes the formation of holes, and rinsing them out eliminates that source of trouble before it has a chance to get in its work.

Hint to Housewives.

PRESERVES and canned goods should always be shielded from the light. An old window shade will answer. It should be hung exactly as it would be at the window, and when drawn will effectively darken the shelf.

Draperies.

WINGLIKE draperies are featured on many of the lace and thin material frocks. They never end at the hem line, always above or below.

Printed Velvets.

PRINTED velvets are new but by no means illogical fashion developments. They come in Persian designs and colorings as well as stripes and checks.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

WHEN YOU DON'T AGREE

PEOPLE who agree on a few points are usually more congenial than those who agree on none, but certain-there is no reason why disagreement of opinion need stand in the way of friendship or association.

A generation ago there was less social mingling of persons of divergent political and religious opinion than there is today. Perhaps that was because there was less disposition to avoid open discussion of opinions in social gatherings than there is now. At present the man or woman who starts an argument is regarded as socially undesirable. And one of the tricks a hostess has to learn is how to keep her opinionated guests from launching forth in the expression of opinions that might be boring or offensive to other guests.

Among the opinions that it is always best not to launch in a group of persons with whose opinions you are not familiar are those relating to religion and divorce. Any sweeping statement of opinion on such subjects as compulsory vaccination, the Volstead act, the conduct of certain organizations in France during the war, sarcastic or caustic references to peculiarities of speech and manner, persons from different parts of the country, these things tho they might lead to stimulating exchange of opinion are things that it is safest to discuss only with a friend old and tried who you know cannot be offended by your statement of opinion.

What Readers Ask.

"Recently I have become engaged to a young man whose family lives in another city. I have never met his mother or sister, tho his brothers have been in our town and I have met them. My fiance wants me to become acquainted with his family. He suggested that I visit them this summer. He also suggested that I write to his mother. What would you say to this?

The mother or sisters of the young man should write to you first. It is not conventional for engaged girls to visit at the homes of their fiances and such a visit may be trying to the girl—especially if the mother or sisters prove unsympathetic.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts About It; Its History; Its Meaning; Whence It Was Derived; Your Lucky Day and Lucky Jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

ADELAIDE

ADELAIDE has an heroic significance; it means noble cheer. It is distinctly a Teutonic name, coming from Adilo or Odilo. Ado and Addo are still in use as proper names but other syllables have been added for the more modern version.

Curiously, Adele and Adela occur very early in history, unlike most names which show quaint and sometimes almost unrecognizable forms in their beginnings. Adal was a prefix used frequently among the Teutonic races and Adalheit or Adelchen were diminutives given to the daughters of the family. It was translated to mean "noble estate," and thus the princess of each little Frankish duchy was the "nobleness thereof."

All the feudal princes of the 10th and 11th centuries seem to have had an Adelheid to offer in marriage and they have Latinized her in all manner of ways. The French have made great use of all forms of the name. The Teutonic races, in honor, perhaps, of the Italian Queen, Adelaid, whose adventures, before her marriage with Emperor Otho, were so curious—preferred Adelaide to all other forms. From them, England received it again with their good Queen Adelaide, whose popularity made it so frequent. Italy calls her Adalaida and Alisa, France makes her Adeline.

Adelaide's jewel is the turquoise, which tho the simplest of stones, possesses rare power to protect its wearer from harm and is said to break at the approach of grave danger. Friday is Adelaide's lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

Tennyson, who omitted very few feminine names from his list of poems to fair women, writes of Adeline:

"Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Soarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair;
Thy rose lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast."

Next Week: GRACE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on page 2.

The Horn of Marcus Brunder

By Howard Reynolds

"This Noise Is Something Terrible," He Vociferated, Sitting Close to Me and Yelling Into My Ear.

PICKING his way carefully thru the crowded downtown streets I had often noticed a strange, bent figure—a man of remarkably shrewd and intelligent face—but having the appearance of premature age and wearing that look peculiar to those deprived of some important faculty. What he lacked I could not conjecture. At first I thought the shrewd eyes might be sightless, but the man never hesitated in taking a step among the whirling vehicles.

Then deafness suggested itself as the old man's infirmity, but was in turn dismissed. The enormous horn slung to a strap across his shoulder did not resemble a speaking trumpet—it looked more like an immense megaphone, except for its gracefully curved outlines and handsome enamel and nickel finish.

The peculiarity that attracted most attention—one at which almost every idle pedestrian stopped to stare—was the odd looking old man's inveterate habit of hitching up one shoulder and frequently bringing the smaller end of his queer horn on a line with his hat brim. The only remaining alternative, therefore, seemed to suggest that this strange looking individual must be dumb, but had contrived some extraordinary kind of instrument for making himself intelligible to others; but here theory was opposed by the fact that, so far as my observation went, he never tried to communicate with others.

It was, therefore, with surprise, not unmixed with gratification, that I saw him one day stop suddenly, with one of his peculiar hitches, and extend a cordial hand to my friend Hudson, who is in the electrical supply business. They carried on a brief, but apparently animated, conversation, and when they separated I hastened after Hudson and inquired the name of his queer acquaintance.

"That?" cried Hudson. "Why, that's Marcus Brunder and his horn. I thought everybody knew about Marcus. Come, step in and lunch with me, and I'll tell you all about him."

As we lunched Hudson talked, and told me the following strange story, and as I give it pretty nearly in his exact words, I shall use no marks of quotation:

For years, you know, I have had a store fronting on Devonshire street. It is on the ground floor, its large plate glass windows afford a broad view of the busy thorofare, and above all, it is particularly central and convenient.

But it is maddeningly noisy.

The great drays that continually pour thru this main artery of commerce produce a roar of wheels and clatter of vehicles that fairly shake the building. With the ventilator-windows open we are deafened—with them closed we simply stifle. Ordinary conversation is rendered practically impossible during business hours.

Formerly I used to take prospective buyers into the big fire-proof vault at the extreme rear of the office, until one day there was trouble with the lock. I happened to be inside at the time. So was the president of one of the largest concerns in New England.

It was a cheerful moment when, after two hours of semi-suffocation with our noses against a cold steel doorsill, the professional safe-openers on the outside announced that they would be obliged to use dynamite. When we crawled out the prospective customer had lost both eyebrows, most of his hair, and one whisker. And he didn't buy the goods, after all!

But, notwithstanding all the drawbacks, I have somehow stuck to the same old store; why, I can't exactly say; it's just my disposition. I hate a change.

ONE morning I had just arrived in my office, when in walked Brunder. Now, I'm not saying a word against Brunder. He's an inventor, and—unlike most of them—some of the things he gets up actually work. We paid him a thousand dollars for a single device only last spring. It lasted him just two weeks. Then he started in to invent something else.

Well, anyway, Brunder came in and sat down. I yanked open a couple of ventilators to let in the fresh morning air, and conversation immediately became an athletic feat. We communicated, partly in pantomine, for some time, when Brunder suddenly yelled, "Say, I have a scheme."

"What is it now?" I yelled back.

"Shut those infernal transoms and I'll tell you," said he.

I did as he requested and he proceeded.

"This noise is something terrible," he vociferated, sitting close to me and yelling into my ear.

I nodded. Some years ago I learned to save my strength.

"But I have a plan for doing away with it entirely!"

I looked surprised.

"It's based on well-known principals of physics, but is an entirely original and unique application of them."

I looked still more surprised.

"It just came to me as I was sitting here," he explained. "You know that it has been proven that both light and sound travel in waves! Also that it's an old law of physics that 'action and reaction are equal.'"

I nodded again with a grin—recollecting at the moment the spectacle I had once seen of two colored waiters, laden with dishes, on opposite sides of a swinging-door, each trying to kick his way thru at the same instant. I told this to Brunder.

"Precisely; that's the point! The door stood still!" he exclaimed. "Now, I read the other day that somebody has discovered that by throwing beams of light of the same intensity directly at each other the light waves nullified each other and produced a distinct zone of darkness.

That being the case, what's the matter with generating a sound of equal intensity and projecting it against the other sound—and letting the sounds, as it were, swallow each other up—like the Kilkenny cats!"

"And sitting in the resulting sound vacuum?" I asked.

"Precisely."

"Well, but how are you ever going to work to do that?" I asked, incredulously.

"Easy enough. There is such a thing

(Concluded on Page 26.)

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

Tells How to Darken Gray Hair With a Home-Made Mixture.

Joicey Williams, the well-known American actress, recently made the following statement about gray hair and how to darken it, with a home-made mixture:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray, streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

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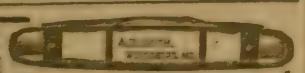

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Here Is What You Have Been Waiting for: The Dramatic and Swift-moving Conclusion of

Welding the Black Menace

By Augustin W. Breeden

The Next Instant She Had Leaped Clear of the Prussian and Fired Three Quick Shots Into His Body.

Read This First

JULIA WENTWORTH saw Harold Mortimer rushing here and there among his army of natives. At least fifty men were endeavoring to lash an airplane to stakes driven in the ground.

JULIA, unable to sleep, sighing for a word with Harold, who failed to come, stole from her tent, as Nina slept, and rushed out into the blinding storm and the vast desert. She cared not what should become of her. She passed a tent in which were Harold and Dr. Rhook. The aged philosopher was trying to dissuade Harold from attempting the rescue of Lady Khorassen. "I am going—in that airplane—at dawn!" cried Horold. Julia now ran until out of breath and fell headlong into the restless sands.

SIDI BEN JAMIL, Lady Khorassen's cousin, and Bud Sifert volunteered to aid Harold as assistant leaders of the expedition. Lady Khorassen must be rescued and their white visitors saved from massacre at the hands of Berbers or mutinous El Jamil tribesmen, who were distracted over the loss of their chieftainess.

Meanwhile Julia was found by Dr. Rhook and escorted back to the tents, and by this time another fierce battle was raging in desert and streets of the Berber village, Harold in the thick of it and wounded, with two airplanes battling overhead, in one of which were Von Keller, the Prussian, and Lady Khorassen, his captive.

This story began in No. 38, the Ledger for Sept. 23. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN they had swept the desert with the searchlight for nearly an hour, McDonough and Dawkins brought their airplane to earth and suspended operations until morning. At dawn, which rose clear and brilliant with a burning sun and a pellucid sky, they heard distant firing to the west toward Ghadames.

"That Prussian has managed things just right," cursed McDonough. "He has drawn an attack of French colonials upon Ghadames, which is in Italian territory—just the thing the Prussians have wanted for so many years. But we must find these two people at once. Nothing will satisfy those mad tribesmen of El Jamil but the sight of Lady Khorassen, alive and well. We must rescue her and take her back to them at any cost."

Accordingly the two took the air and began their search. At a great height they saw two objects moving below on the sand. Even with field glasses McDonough could not at first make out what the objects might be. But when the machine swooped down closer he plainly saw that it was the Prussian and the Lady Khorassen. They came still closer, and then such a sight as

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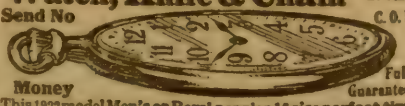

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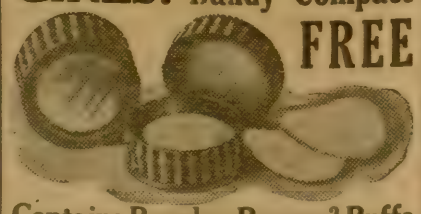

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they saw—the woman and the man in a deadly hand-to-hand struggle over some object that the Prussian held in his hand. As they neared the spot, shouting encouragement to the woman, they saw her stoop and bite the Prussian's knuckles so that he roared for pain and released slightly his hold upon the object for which they were fighting. In a flash the woman had it in her hand. The next instant she had leaped clear of the Prussian and fired three quick shots into his body. At the same instant McDonough sent two flaming tracer bullets into his head.

The two men in the machine gave a great shout of victory and volplaned for a landing, their backs being turned for a time on the Lady Khorassen. Then they heard two more shots—quick—almost together. They landed at once, as best they could, taking a great risk of wrecking their plane in doing so. They ran back over the sand, wavering between the hummocks of sand caused by the low growth of thorn bushes. They had something like three hundred yards to go, but they covered the space in almost no time.

When they came upon the spot the Prussian lay on his back, his arms thrown out in the form of a cross and one knee drawn up in a last final convulsion. A look of scorn and hatred was upon his proud face. They looked wildly round for the woman. She lay at a distance of a few rods away, face downward on the sand.

They lifted her to her feet, and a tiny stream of blood started from her body, just below her heart. McDonough gave a great sigh. Dawkins whipped a silver brandy flask from his hip and poured a little of the liquor between her clinched teeth.

She opened her eyes and smiled.

"Oh, Lady Khorassen," moaned McDonough, "why, oh, why, did you do this thing? Or did the Prussian shoot you?"

"I did it!" murmured the woman. "After what has happened I could not live."

"But, oh, my Lord, you don't know what you have done. Your tribe were already insane because of your loss! Now they will murder every Frank they can get their hands upon! And—of course you did not know that—but Harold Mortimer's father and mother and sister, and also his fiancee are there in El Jamil. They arrived by airplane the afternoon that you were kidnaped. The airplane is wrecked and they cannot leave."

"Then I will live long enough to protect them." She stood erect. She laughed. "I am not going to die!" she said. "I will go back to them and protect them." She swayed, fell forward, was caught by both men, and sank down upon the sand—dead.

"What is to be done now?" spoke Dawkins in awed tones.

"First, a quick burial for both. This thing must be kept secret. Run to the machine and get that little spade."

While Dawkins was running for the spade McDonough went vigorously to work scooping out the sand with his feet and hands. He knew there was not a moment to be lost, if the lives of all Americans and Europeans connected with the tribe of El Jamil were to be saved.

In quick order a shallow grave was scooped out and both bodies were tumbled unceremoniously into it. There was no time for digging two graves and no time for niceties. McDonough thought from time to time of Nina Mortimer and those other two helpless women and groaned.

The two men ran back to the plane.

"Which way?" called Dawkins as they took the air.

"East."

"Why east?"

"Never mind why. Fly high and make all possible speed; every hour is precious."

"They may find the Prussian's plane."

"Can't help it. We couldn't bury it. They will not be able to identify it if they find it. Make all speed east."

As McDonough spoke he was examining carefully the mechanism of his machine gun, making sure that it was in

(Continued on Page 20.)

Concluding the Big Eleven-part Story

WOODEN SPOIL

By H. M. Egbert

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

IT WAS already growing dark. The two set out with quickened pace, but it was quite dark before they saw the cottages of St. Boniface before them. As the wharf came into view Lafe uttered an exclamation.

"The schooner's gone!" he cried.

"Whose, Mr. Lafe?"

"The captain's. The other one's laid up for the season. I hope to God Hilary ain't done anything foolish and slipped the cable."

They almost ran to the captain's house. The interior was dark, save for the dull flicker from the stove. The cure flung the door open. They heard a sobbing within. Carefully Father Lucien struck a match and lit the lamp, disclosing Marie Dupont kneeling, her face in her hands, beside the embers. She looked up with an expression of utter despair.

"Where is thy father?"

"He has sailed, with Leblanc and Pierre, and Monsieur Askew is aboard. And Mademoiselle Rosny——"

"What!" shouted the cure, pulling her to her feet. "Thou art dreaming, child!"

"They planned to kill Monsieur Askew. I went to Mademoiselle, and we drove to the wharf. She sprang aboard, and the ship sailed, half an hour ago. They will kill them."

Father Lucien went white and began to tremble. "Marie Dupont, swear to me——" he began.

"Ah, mon Dieu, it is true. I swear it!"

"Why didst thou not come to me?"

"I was afraid."

The cure translated to Lafe. "If she speaks the truth——" he began.

"It is true, I guess," said Lafe. "Quick, Father, let's get the other schooner and go after them. It's our only chance. I'll go. Darn it, if they hurt a hair of Hilary's head, or—or Madeleine's, I'll send the gang to hell!" cried Lafe, half sobbing.

"But it is impossible!" cried the cure. "Who will sail her?"

"Come with me, Father," answered Lafe, a flicker of whimsicality appearing on his face, as in such moments. "I guess I'm in charge now, see? Let's go to the store."

There were the usual loafers inside. Yes, it was true the schooner had sailed, and it had surprised everybody, because Captain Dupont had announced that he would not sail for some days. And he had left his crew behind. But then every one knew that he was going out of his mind.

Lafe cut the gossips short. "Ask them who can sail the schooner," he said to the cure.

Only one man could sail the schooner thru the ice. All the rest were in the woods. Jean Marie Baptiste understood the coast and the currents.

"Where is he?"

The storekeeper shrugged his shoulders. "He was here half an hour ago, to buy more traps, but he has gone into the woods again——"

At that instant Baptiste entered the store, saw Lafe, and scowled.

"This trap is broken——" he began, holding it up for the storekeeper to view it.

The cure pounced upon him. "Baptiste, come with me. Thou dost not go into the woods tonight. Thou must take us aboard the schooner——"

Baptiste's jaw fell. "Mon pere, it is impossible," he stammered.

"Dupont has gone——"

"Gone?" cried Baptiste, running to the door.

The cure followed him. "Baptiste, thou must sail the schooner and find him. He is mad. He has left his crew behind him and taken Leblanc and Pierre. And Mademoiselle Rosny is in their hands——"

"What?" shouted Baptiste. "I go. At once I go——"

"And Monsieur Askew, whom they have sworn to murder——"

"I do not go," said Jean Baptiste, and stopped dead.

The cure caught him by the arm. "Listen to me, Jean. His life and that of Mademoiselle Rosny are perhaps at stake."

"I do not go!" cried Baptiste again, and snatched up his trap. He strode to the door and turned fiercely upon Father Lucien, who followed him. "Let him die!" he shouted. "You know, mon pere, you know what he has done to me and mine!"

Lafe, who understood hardly a word of this colloquy, caught a precise sense of what Baptiste was saying, partly by the gestures, but more by his faculty brought out thru dialogues on many evenings with his friend Tremblay. He tugged at the cure's arm.

"Tell him that story ain't true, Father," he said. "That's what's worrying him."

But Father Lucien resumed, as if he had not heard:

"Even so, Jean, Mademoiselle Rosny's life, perhaps, is in danger. And even if this were not so, thou must return good for evil. Else his blood is upon thee."

"Let it be there! I would have killed him, only they pulled me away."

"It is thy duty, my son," said the cure quietly. "It is a hard test, Jean, but when God calls a man to duty, he must obey."

Baptiste began to break down. "Ah, mon pere, you ask me the hardest thing in my life," he groaned. "In the forests I have seen his face before me. I have dreamed that I had him by the throat and started up with joy. I have awakened, as I have sought to spare him my desire to slay him. And now you tell me I must save him. No, no, mon pere. Save the girl——But let some one else sail the schooner."

(Continued on Page 22.)

ALL WOOL Slip-On

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers & friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

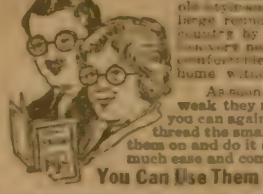
Spectacles FREE

Don't Send Me One Penny

On ten days trial

I Am Going To Mail You a Pair of the Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles Absolutely Free of Charge

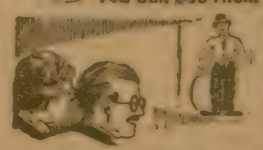
I want you to take a good look at the spectacles in the above heading. Notice their size and shape. Compare them with the glasses you or your friends may be wearing right now. Notice the extra-large round eyes in these latest-style sight-improving spectacles. The glasses are as large and as round as a silver dollar, so you can see in the widest position, and consequently never centre part of the human eye so you don't have to look over the tops of them or squint your eyes through the bottoms of them like you have to do when wearing the ordinary spectacles and eyeglasses. These Latest-Style, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles Have Taken the Country by Storm



I myself, as many others from Maine to California have given up the old-style small eye-strained glasses and now wear the latest style extra-large round-eye sight-improving spectacles, which have permanently relieved the country by storm—and I am going to give a pair of these spectacles absolutely free to every one who sends me their name and address at once. Don't delay a day, for the offer is limited to the first ten days only. Send no money, simply fill out the coupon below, or a letter or postal will do, and the spectacles will be sent you at once, all charges prepaid, to try fully ten days in your own home without a cent in advance or even a guarantee.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes—no matter how weak they may be from age—and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or to the Movies If You So Desire

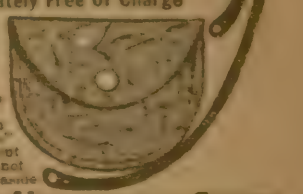


If you like to go hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style sight-improving spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. Or, if you go to the movies once in a while, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, sight-improving spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you to believe that these latest-style sight-improving spectacles will again bring back to you the absolute perfect sight of your younger days. But you know the old saying "seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single penny from you unless you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving for your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a pair of these handsome gold-filled pair of the latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles, all charges prepaid to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home at my risk and at my expense.

Genuine Leather Coin Purse and Spectacle Wiper Absolutely Free of Charge



I want to get as many spectacle wearers as possible to send for my sight-improving spectacles on the above 10-day free trial offer at once and I am therefore going to include a genuine leather coin purse in which is enclosed a "magic" spectacle wiper—which will keep the glasses from getting scratched up and blurred—absolutely free of charge with every pair of spectacles I send out on free trial if you order them at once. This coin purse comes with a strong metal snap-button fastener and is nearly three times as big as the picture shows it here.

Cut out this coupon and mail it right now—this very minute before you forget it—and I will include the genuine leather coin purse and "magic" spectacle wiper absolutely free of charge which you may keep without a cent of pay regardless of whether you keep the spectacles or not. Don't delay. Send the coupon today—right now before you lay this paper aside.

Cut out this Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 12 55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have read your liberal offer and want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle-case which I am to keep on ten days absolute free trial. I am going to try them out for reading or [illegible] for far or near, indoors or outdoors, [illegible] and if I find I can see them perfectly after a ten days trial I will pay you your [illegible] ($3.93) and no more. I want you, however, to include a pair of these handsome gold-filled spectacles for my younger friend as I will return them to you at once if I find I can keep them because they are much better than any spectacles I have ever worn before and you will have to take my word as final in the matter. Also be sure and include the genuine leather coin purse and "magic" spectacle wiper which I am going to keep all the time, regardless of whether I keep the spectacles or not. In answering this advertisement please answer all questions (and be sure to answer them correctly) as you have promised in the above announcement. **Be Sure to Answer the Following Questions:**

How old are you? Ans. ..... How many years have you used glasses (if any)? Ans. .....

Full Name .....

Post Office .....

County .....

R. F. D. No. .....

State .....

Street and No. (if any) .....

VERY IMPORTANT: You will notice in the above offer that I am going to include a genuine leather coin purse and a "magic" spectacle wiper absolutely free of charge with every pair of spectacles we send out on free trial for a short time only and for this reason I will also [illegible] an extra pair of spectacles under the same free trial offer for any other member of your family—husband, wife or child living with you who may be in need of a new pair of spectacles right now—and I will also send along an extra coin purse and spectacle wiper absolutely free of charge, if this extra order is sent in at the same time you send in your own order. Be sure and answer the questions on the lines below if you wish an extra pair of spectacles on free trial for your husband, wife or child. Give full name for whom the extra pair is being ordered on this line.

Name .....

Age of this person? Ans. ..... Number of years this person has worn glasses? Ans. .....

A. J. STULMAN — REG. OPT.

New Heating Invention Burns 95% Air

An amazing new kind of heat has been invented by Mr. B. M. Oliver, a St. Louis man. Women are freed from this drudgery and dirt of coal and wood stoves, as are freed from the worry of heavy rubber and coal bills. Mr. Oliver's invention is a simple device which fits in any burner and gives a flame which can be changed at will from the hottest known to man to the lowest in one minute. Then by just turning a valve—almost like magic—you get any degree of heat you want from a tiny flame to a roaring inferno. Lasts a lifetime and is absolutely safe.

100,000 Already Sold!

Mr. Oliver has called his invention the Oliver Gas-Gas Burner because it makes its own gas from 95% air and 5% coal oil (kerosene). This wonderful news has spread so rapidly that already over 100,000 Oliver Burners are being used by American housewives. Mr. Oliver wants every woman to have the use of his invention. Write to him at 2027-J Oliver Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., and receive free an attractive booklet. Mr. Oliver is now making a special [illegible] including a thirty-day Free Trial. He is looking for good, live [illegible] who want to earn [illegible]. Write to him at once [illegible] his special offer at once—today.

Picked an "Easy Mark."

There appeared in an Alabama court a negro to whom the thing was a new experience. He was, however, unabashed, and wore the air of a man determined to "get the worst of it."

"Prisoner at the bar," called out the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

"Well, Ah tell you," he replied, after looking the men in the box over very carefully, "Ah'm not 'zactly in trainin', but Ah think Ah could pull off a round or two wit dat fat ol' boy in de corner."

On the Road to Ruin.

Mrs. Oldeton—How's your son getting on with his college work?

Mrs. Worthington—Oh, I'm so worried about our Percy; those dreadful flappers have taught him to smoke cigarettes.

Domestic Note.

"Poor Mrs. Jones!" sighed the sympathetic neighbor. "She must lead an awful life. She tells me her husband hasn't a single fault, he is a perfect man."

"But that should make her happy!"

"Not at all. Why, what on earth could she have to keep up a conversation with him?"

Chance to Observe.

"There's one thing about the new styles."

"What, for instance?"

"I never realized before there were so many good looking girls in this town."

SOLID IVORY

HE DIDN'T CARE

AS MR. CAVEMAN was gnawing at a bone in his cave one morning, Mrs. Caveman rushed in and said, "Quick! Get your club! Oh, quick!"

"What's the matter?" growled Mr. Caveman.

"Saber-toothed tiger chasing mother!" gasped his wife.

Mr. Caveman uttered an expression of annoyance. "And what the deuce," he asked, "do I care what happens to a saber-toothed tiger?"

He Was the "Doer."

"What position did you hold in your last place?" asked the merchant.

"I was a doer, sir."

"A doer? What's that?"

"Well, sir, you see, when my employer wanted anything done he would tell the cashier, the cashier would tell the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper would tell the clerk, and the clerk would tell me."

"And what would happen then?"

"Well, sir, as I hadn't any one to tell it to, I'd do it."

Down to the Movies.

"What's become of Rantington Roarer, the eminent tragedian?"

"He's playing small parts in the movies."

"He used to say he'd starve before he'd prostitute his talents on the screen."

"Maybe he did. He was considerably underweight when he signed up."

The Reason for It.

Old Gentleman—Does your mother allow you to smoke in here?

Youthful Son of the House—Oh, yes; good for the moths.

Old Gentleman—Ah! Suffer from moths? So that's what's the matter with you!

Vociferous.

"Algy is working hard to convince that girl of his love."

"Yes, he is saying it with flowers, telling it with theater tickets and giving her taffy."

WHAT JONAH SAID

THE great fish commonly mistaken for a whale had just cast Jonah up on the dry land.

Therefore Jonah, desiring to impress his memory upon man for all time, sat down on a rock and meditated.

"Having done this stunt," he said to himself, "I must get some publicity out of it. What I need is a comment on my experience that will be widely read and pasted into scrap books."

After long deliberation he called up the nearest newspaper office, got the star reporter on the line, and said:

"Say, this is Jonah. Just quote me as saying: You can't keep a good man down.'"

And to this day it is said the same as Jonah said it.

Probably the Host.

"As we emerged from the burning hotel in our night clothes one fat gentleman in pajamas had a green shade over his eyes."

"Strange."

"Not so strange. You'll often encounter that combination at private poker parties when the weather is warm."

Reason to Be Thankful.

Blondine—Did you go to the circus?

Brunetta—Yes, and I am certainly glad of it.

Blondine—Why?

Brunetta—Because ever since I saw the hippopotamus I have been more satisfied with my shape.

For the Fans.

"Do you regard baseball as a healthful game, doctor?"

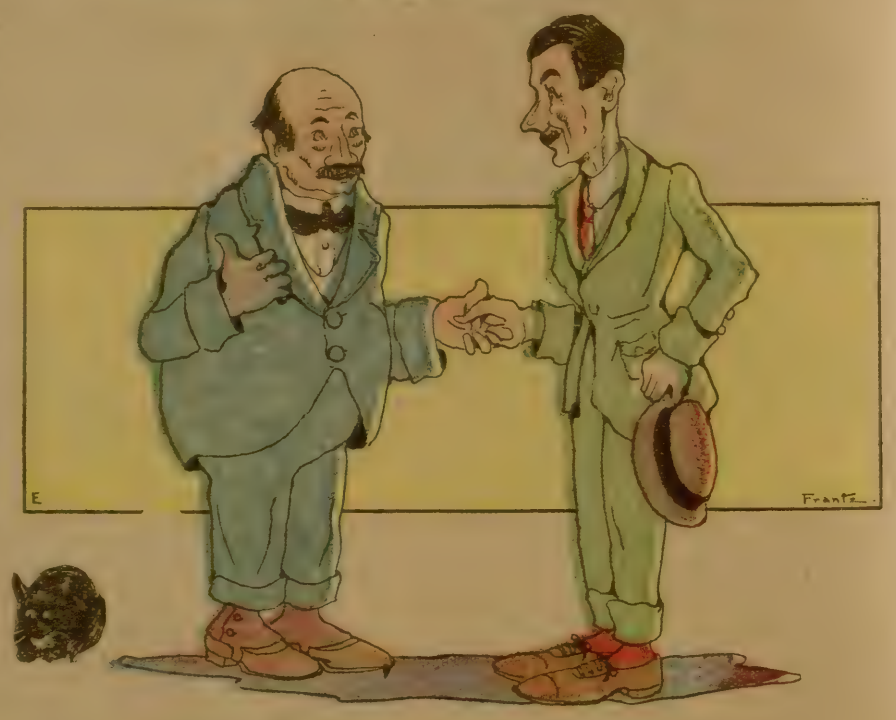
"Well, I should say it ought to do a great deal toward strengthening people's lungs."

In Russia.

"Why didn't you bring the million rubles as you promised?"

"The drayman charged me that amount for hauling them."

THE REAL REASON



"I suppose you are going into the country for your holiday this year, as you always do?"

"No, not this year! Our cook prefers the sea-side!"

Awful Is Right.

"Pa," said Clarence.

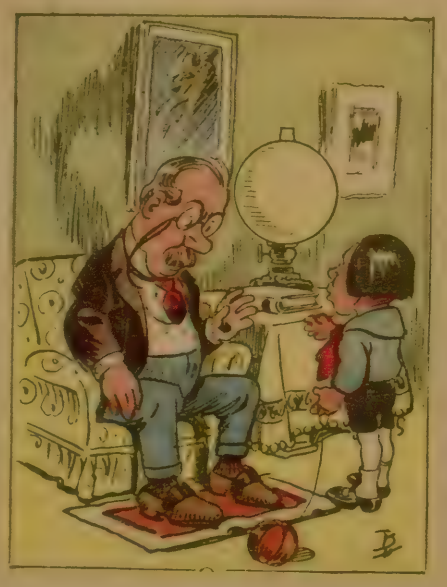
"What in blazes do you want now?" snorted his dad.

"I just wanted to ask you if you did not think the Government should find some sort of glue for these foreigners, so they would not have to use so much broken English," explained Clarence, as he disappeared thru the doorway.

LUCKY.

The luckiest man I know today
Is Old McBlinn.
He has next winter's coal, they say,
Down in the bin.

Guilty Conscience.



Pa—Donald, go and get my slippers.

Don—Did you say both of them, or—er—just one?

WAS WORTH IT

A YOUNG man met his pretty girl cousin the other day for the first time and was attracted by her.

"I bet you a nickel," he said, "that I can kiss you without touching you."

"Of course you can't," replied the girl.

"Well, will you take the bet on?" asked the other.

"Y-yes," said the girl, dubiously.

Her cousin thereupon kissed her.

"Oh, but you did touch me!" exclaimed the girl.

"I know I did," replied the young man, with a grin, "and here's your nickel."

ANTONY'S BLUNDER

THE school dramatic society was giving its first performance of the season, and the play they had chosen for the momentous occasion was Julius Caesar.

All went smoothly till Caesar's body was brought in and Mark Antony had to deliver his famous speech.

He put his heart into his part, and the audience felt acutely for the poor citizens, who were all presumably horror-stricken and overcome with grief, when Antony gently but firmly grasped, as he thought, the face cloth, and slowly, very slowly, began to draw it back.

Just then an excited whisper came from the other end of the corpse.

"This end, you idiot!"

But Antony was too much wrapped in grief to hear. He persevered, and then suddenly disclosed to the intently gazing audience, Caesar's boot!

Personal Isolation.

"What is your attitude toward foreign entanglements?"

"I never bother my neighbors," said Mr. Grumpson, "and I don't let them bother me."

"Well?"

"Just extend that attitude the necessary number of miles and you will get my idea of the way to treat foreign nations."

Clear as Mud.

Englishman—What do you mean by "giving a man the air"?

American—Tying a can to him, putting the skids under him, giving him the gate or checking him out. Understand?

Englishman—Oh, perfectly. But what do all those things mean?

Opportunities.

"I see one editor fears the next generation won't be able to make a living as there are no apprentices to shoemakers or stonemasons."

"What of it? We'll always need saxophone players and dancing partners."

A PINK TEE.

There was a fair golfer named Spink;
A 20-foot putt she could sink.
Tho she played a fair game,
This society dame
Insisted the tee must be pink.

Evidently Not.

"This script does not give me a sufficiently important part."

"It's a monologue."

"Huh? I'll look at it again. Evidently I didn't read it carefully."

Locked in the Sea

(Continued From Page 4)

"Well! I ran. Oh, you'd better believe I ran. Otto'd got me scared all right. But 'twouldn't done me any good if it hadn't been for a gen'elman friend of mine that's just got back from France. He just happened to be there, you know. That is, he's almost always there these days. An' when I screamed: 'Save me, Joe!' he stepped right up an' landed that big man an awful jolt. It was the last thing I heard as I picked up my skirts and jumped clear down the stairs an' out of the side door."

But Asher hung on the name she had mentioned. "You don't mean Joe Reno, do you?" he asked, curiously. "It was he who was telling me about the Jardin tonight, and about a girl he had met there——"

"Aw, say!" The girl gazed at Asher incredulously. "You know Joe? If that ain't—— Course it was Joe Reno. If it hadn't been for him I wouldn't have been here tonight. Say! Joe's real people from Peopleville, ain't he?"

"He is!" Asher's assent was instant and emphatic. "Go on, please," he begged. He was getting interested.

"Sure!" When I got outside I ran a block and jumped on a Broadway car and came here. An' as I got to the door a taxi came a-rushin' up, an' I looked back and saw the big dark man and the others tumble out of it an' come after me, an'-I chased in at the door and ran up the stairs, hearin' them behind me all the way! I got to this floor and ran for this door. An' then I heard them right behind me and hid in a doorway. An' they ran on up to the next floor. An' then I chased along, an' thank goodness the door was open an' I bobbed in."

Again Asher smiled to himself. Plainly the girl's imagination had built a melodrama out of a tipsy sailor, a fight, and—perhaps—a would-be masher—unless, of course, the whole thing was some Black Hand scheme. Some of Otto's associations, as described by her, really did look rather Black Handy. On the whole, however, Asher adhered to the melodrama alternative. He knew perfectly well how prone women were to conjure up pursuers out of coincidences, out of shadows, and even out of nothing.

"Well!" he said, rising. "You've certainly been pestered enough tonight, Miss Dare. If you'll permit I'll send you home in a taxi and save you from any further trouble."

But the girl hesitated. For a moment her eyes sought Asher's muscular form. "Say!" she said admiringly. "You do look like a real hero, an' I guess you'd do about all any one guy could. But you don't know what you're up against, an' I do. I ain't goin' out of that door tonight till I get a patrol wagon and a deck load of cops to take me home. Besides—Say. Can I use your phone?"

"Of course!" Asher stepped aside. "Help yourself. Here's the book." He laid it near her.

The girl flipped the pages till she found a number. Then she caught up the receiver. "Plaza 41144," she ordered.

Asher started. He knew that number. He had used it himself many a time—the last time only a little while before. What could this waif of the night want with that number, he wondered. Frowningly he listened.

Almost instantly the girl's voice rose in shrill protest. "Not at home?" she echoed, incredulously. "Aw! Stow the camouflage, Alphonse! I gotta talk to her. I gotta, I tell you. This is serious—understand! You switch me on to her boudoir, an' be quick. . . . Oh, well! You needn't get huffy about it. When will she be in? . . . Tomorrow? Aw! Have a heart. I'm mighty likely to be croaked before then. . . . Say! You reckon you can take a message? . . . All right! You tell her not to go on board the Oldenburg unless she wants to—Hello! Hello! Hello! I say! Hello ——"

Abruptly the girl's face went chalky. "They've cut the wire on us," she gasped.

ASHER took the instrument from her trembling fingers. "Nonsense!" he said harshly, and jingled the hook. "Hello, Central," he began. "Hello—Confound it, the wire is dead." Savagely he flung the receiver back in the hook.

Then he turned to Lottie Dare. "Look here?" he said. "I want to know what all this means? What do you know about Miss Rockton and her starting for Vera Cruz on the Oldenburg tomorrow?"

Lottie's color flamed higher. "My Gawd!" she exclaimed. "Do you know Miss Rockton, too? Ain't that the limit? As for me, I don't know a thing about her. It was Otto told me to phone that message after I'd delivered that letter. An' I have delivered it. It's you he meant it for, all right. If you don't think so, you can wait for the dame that's got your flat; an' you and her can fight it out. As for me I'm done. I've done all I'm going to do for Otto or any other man in one night. You gotter take the back now."

The girl tossed the letter on the table and turned to the door. "I'm done," she repeated. "I'm done for good an' all. Once is a plentiful sufficiency for yours truly. And that's flat."

"Yes! But it isn't flat. I'm not satisfied with what you say about Miss Rockton. You've got to explain more fully. Miss Rockton was my ward and I have the right to ask and——"

"So's anybody got a right to ask—an' get the frosty mouth. I've told you all I know, an' this ain't my night for playin' little Tommy Tucker an' singin' for my supper. But I'll say one thing more: Otto was dead in earnest, an' if I was you I'd warn Miss Rockton to keep away from the Oldenburg and all other ships—an' from shoes and sealin' wax and cabbages an' kings, for the matter of that. Those men didn't chase me an' cut that telephone wire for nothin', an' don't you forget it. They——"

Abruptly the girl broke off and pointed a terrified finger toward the window. "There!" she gasped. "Look there!"

Asher did not pause to look. Years of experience had taught him to act first and look afterward. Like a flash his hand went to the electric button in the wall beside him. Quick!" and the room was plunged in darkness. Then, he leaped to the window.

Outside it ran the fire-escape, bare and empty. Not a soul appeared upon it. But, as Asher looked he heard the door of his room open and then shut softly.

Round he spun to meet whatever danger might menace. The blackness of the room hid everything, and he strained his ears for some sound that might betray the passage of a fresh enemy.

None came. The room was deathly still; so still, in fact, that Asher, with ears trained to catch a whisper that might mean death, speedily became certain that he himself was the only living

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasant, harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medicated Cigarettes.

These cigarettes are made from wholesome, medicinal herbs and berries and when smoked, produce an antiseptic, healing, germ destroying vapor that reaches every nook and corner of the respiratory tract. They contain *no tobacco, no cubebs, are non-habit forming* and may be used by women and children as well as men.

How Smoke Penetrates

We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration—the smoke from a leaky stove, smokepipe, or chimney, will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the closets, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate to the most remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of catarrh you will immediately recognize it is only necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, use it regularly for a sufficient length of time, and success is assured.

The problem of successfully treating Catarrh is the problem of applying directly to the inflamed and ulcerated membranes in the air passages a remedy that will disinfect the sores, destroy the germs and set up a healing process.

It is the height of folly to try to heal inflammation and ulceration by medicines swallowed into the stomach ALONE, when you can apply a healing remedy right to the disease.

It is equally foolish to try to heal a disease by a local application that does not reach half the diseased parts.

In these two things we have the explanation of the failure of the majority of Catarrh remedies and treatments.

One set of remedies is taken into the stomach, and they fail—every one of them.

Another set consists of sprays, douches, ointments, or balms and they do not reach more than one-tenth of the diseased parts, whether the medicine itself has healing virtue or not, it cannot heal where it does not reach the disease. All remedies applied in those ways are a failure, and must be, no matter what they are composed of.

In contrast with all these things is Dr. Blosser's Remedy.

It consists of a warm vapor, which is heavily laden with medical extract of the remedy, and this is carried to every affected part.

How to Know When You Have Catarrh

Some of the following symptoms are generally manifested: headache, bleeding at the nose, offensive breath, huskiness of the voice; inflamed or watery eyes; impaired sense of smell or taste—either or both; scabs expelled from the nostrils, difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed; frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, pain in the forehead; blowing the nose; dropping of phlegm into the throat, inducing hawking and spitting.

In catarrh of the throat there is hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. In catarrhal deafness there is failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring, popping, etc.

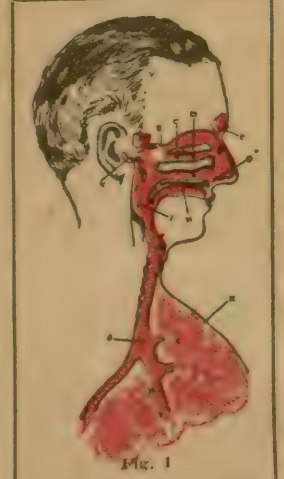


Fig. 1

The red in Fig. 1 shows the wide extent to which Catarrh may spread all through the head and nose, down the throat, and possibly into the lungs. Notice the slender tubes through which a remedy must go to reach A, E and F. A successful remedy must reach all the red portions. See Fig. 4.

Fig. 2

The blue in Fig. 2 shows how little can be done with a spray from an atomizer. See how much of the red (catarrh) remains untouched.

Fig. 3

The blue in Fig. 3 shows how little can be done with a salve (ointment or balm). See how much of the red (catarrh) remains untouched.

Fig. 4

Fig. 4 shows the same parts that are shown in Fig. 1, but it is shown blue because the smoke-vapor from Dr. Blosser's Remedy can be made to reach every part. Compare this with Figs. 2 and 3, and you will readily see why other methods fail. Dr. Blosser's Remedy "Hits the spot."

EXPLANATION OF CUTS

The same letter refers to the same part in each of the cuts.

A. Sphenoidal Sinus. A slender passage way allows catarrh to enter here causing a deep-seated headache. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same passage through which the disease entered.

B, C, D. Upper, Middle and Lower Meatus. Catarrh locates itself in these passages, giving rise to a catarrhal discharge and often causing an enlargement of the turbinates which surround corresponding meatuses. Dr. Blosser's Remedy is applied directly to these parts.

E. Frontal Sinus. Catarrh makes its way into this Sinus through a narrow tube, the infundibulum, causing neuralgic pains in the forehead. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blosser's Remedy gets at the disease through the same passage that it entered.

F. Middle Ear. Catarrh enters through the Eustachian tubes, giving rise to head noises and deafness. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same tubes and arrests the disease.

G. External opening of the nostrils.

H. The Mouth.

I. The Throat, where catarrh causes sore throat or laryngitis.

J, K. The Lungs and Bronchial Tubes where catarrh causes bronchial troubles.

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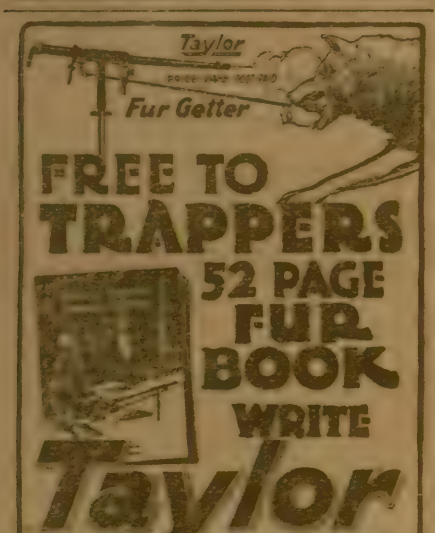

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creature there. The girl had gone; it was the closing of the door behind her that he had heard.

"The baggage!" he grunted, disgustedly. "She's tricked me. . . . Oh, well, let her go. . . . But I didn't think I'd fall for an old trick like that. . . . She was darned realistic. Humph! I wonder whether she wasn't fooled herself? . . . Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

Mechanically, he felt for the electric button, pressed it, and then dropped into a chair. "She's an awful little liar," he muttered to himself. "She had me fooled for awhile. But—what the devil's her game, anyhow?"

Then his brow wrinkled. Suppose it was not a game, after all? Queer things were happening these days. Curiously he looked about him, studying the once familiar room. Then his thoughts wandered back over the events of the late afternoon and early evening of the day that was now drawing to a close.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE late afternoon of the day on which Lottie Dare put in her late appearance at his rooms Frank Asher jumped from the Washington train at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. Suitcase in hand, he strode out of the station and set his face northward.

He was not in a good temper. All the way from Washington he had been frowning with anxiety over what he was to say to Ann Rockton when he saw her. He had been defeated in getting what he had hoped to get in Washington and he felt, miserably, that he was going to be defeated in his coming contest with Ann. A two-mile walk would be none too much to let him settle his thoughts and prepare for the combat. Besides, he knew that at that hour of the day Ann would just be leaving the offices of the steamship line that she had inherited from her father and that she was managing with rare ability. A two-mile walk would just about eat up the time it would take her to get home and would land him at his own apartment in just about time to call her up on the telephone and find out whether he could see her that evening.

After a time he passed out of the most congested district and made better progress.

He was not thinking much about his own "home," as, out of mere habit, he termed the apartment for which he had been paying rent for ten years, but in which he had lived for scarcely five years all told and in which he had not set foot for more than two years—not since that day in 1917 when he had hurried away with the expeditionary forces for France.

Most men would have felt at least a little uneasy as to the safety of their belongings after so long an absence, but about these Asher did not trouble in the least. His belongings were not such as would attract a thief. Tho he himself valued them because of their associations, they would scarcely sell for enough to warrant any one in hauling them away. Besides, Madame Lagone, wife of the janitor, would look out for them. She always had—all the many times that he had rushed away at a moment's morning. Oh, yes, his things were safe enough!

Not that Asher thought this out. He only assumed it—and assumed it unconsciously. What he did think about, as he came in sight of the building, was his friend, Joe Reno, who had come home from France with him and who had promised to meet him in New York. He himself had landed at Newport News and, finding he would be detained a few days longer than he had expected, he had sent Joe a letter of introduction to Madame Lagone, and had written to him to make himself at home in the apartment. Joe ought to have been there for at least three days now.

Into the building he strode and rang the elevator bell before he noticed that the cage, empty and desolate-looking, was just before him, separated only by the iron grills. Glancing about, he saw no one, and with a shrug of his shoulders (caught from his Gallic friends across the water) he started up the stairs. On the fifth floor he made his way to the entrance of his apartment, unlocked the door and stepped in.

Instantly he knew that Joe was not there and had not been there. He knew Joe's proclivities too well to be in the least doubt as to that. Even Madame Lagone would have found it impossible to eradicate all signs of his presence. Joe was turbulent, like his native State of Texas.

On the threshold of the sitting-room Asher paused and looked about him. After all, home is home, even if it is only a bachelor flat; and it inspires some transient emotion when one comes back to it after a long absence. Never had Asher returned to it without a vague feeling of familiarity and friendliness.

This time, however, the place seemed more than friendly; it seemed peaceful, home-like, "welcomy." From a place where one could merely hang up his hat and get bills, it had abruptly become a home.

So marked was the change in its atmosphere that Asher stared in bewilderment, almost doubting whether he was really in his own rooms.

But a moment's inspection reassured him. The furniture and rugs were his beyond a doubt. The pictures on the walls, covered (by Madame Lagone, of course), with netting against flyspecks, were his. The heaped collection of papers, monkish scrolls, and Aztec and Maya records into which he had been delving when the call to arms had come, still filled his billiard table from end to end; they seemed, when he lifted the corner of the sheet that had been spread over them, to be just as when he had last seen them. Sundry small belongings, which he vaguely remembered, had disappeared; but these he guessed had been put away to protect them from dust and moths.

Yes, everything was the same, he told himself. The difference was in himself. Two years in the trenches and in the escadrille, and two weeks baffling struggle against the net of Government red tape had changed his point of view; that was all.

With a chuckle he pulled out his watch. Six o'clock. Ann Rockton ought to be home by now. He must go and telephone——

His thoughts checked, as he noticed a telephone standing on the center-table. He had left one there when he went away, but he supposed that it had been taken out long before now. However, it was all right. If the thing was really working now——

To the table he stepped and picked up the instrument. A moment later he heard Central answer, and gave a number. Later he asked for Ann Rockton. Later, still——

"Hello, Ann," he said. "This is Frank Asher. . . . Uh-hu! Just got here from Washington. You knew I was back from France, didn't you? . . . Certainly! I'll come with pleasure. Seven-thirty, I suppose? . . . I'll be there. Good-by."

Asher put down the phone and hurried to the bathroom, when soon came a splashing and tumult of waters. When he emerged, towel in hand, he threw his suitcase on the bed and opened it. Two minutes later, with his hands full of brushes and things, he hurried to the bureau. As, gazing into the mirror, he smoothed his rebellious hair with one hand, he jerked open the upper drawer of the bureau with the other. Then, still without looking down, he swept his plunder into the drawer. His hand touched something, and with a start he looked down.

The drawer was half filled with distinctly feminine fripperies.

Long he stared. "Well, I'll be——" he began; "if somebody hasn't got their nerve!" Impulsively he tried to jerk out the lower drawers, only to find them locked. Then he tried the closet and found that also fast. Then he started as a sudden horrid doubt assailed him. "Good Lord! I'm not in the wrong room, am I?" he exclaimed.

Accoutered—no, unaccoutered—as he was he charged to the hall door, jerked it open and examined the number on it, and breathed a sigh of relief as he saw the familiar 504, which formed the number of his own apartment.

Back he turned into the apartment and leisurely set about completing his toilet. As he did so he shrugged his shoulders. Oh, of course, he decided. Madame Lagone had been using his apartment as a sitting-room. Well! She was very welcome. Later, he would see her and they would laugh over his momentary bewilderment.

HE WAS nearly dressed when a ring at his doorbell startled him. Madame Lagone, he decided. She had learned that he was back and had come to welcome him in her usual kindly fashion. Dragging at his coat he hurried to the door and threw it open.

Instantly a man—not Madame Lagone, but a man—who stood there let out a whoop of joy and grabbed his hand.

"Hello, Major!" he cried. "Doggone Sister Phyllis' cats, but I'm glad to see you. I've just been a hopin' for you to come and help speed up the burg a bit. Say! You remember New York Pete? Well, when I see him again I'm goin' to cut his ears plumb off. I don't mind a man lyin' some, but Pete's exceeded the limit. You remember the yarns he used to tell about New York being swift? Well, . . . Forget 'em! Texas has got New York beat a mile. Say——"

"Hold on, Joe." Asher found his voice. "Hold on! Tell it to a policeman. . . . Why haven't you been staying here?"

"Why haven't I? 'Cause why, I couldn't! That dame you gave me the letter to, she's gone back to France with her husband. I reckon he's in the trenches or killed or sumpin', and I dunno what's become of her. I ain't found nobody to show your letter to 'cep'n the elevator boy an' he's a Greek or Russian from Syriaville or somewhere and don't speak nothin' but seidlitz powderski."

But Asher was not listening. He seldom did listen to the latter part of Joe Reno's speeches. "Gone, has she?" he mused. "Of course, I might have guessed it. Where've you been staying, Joe?"

"Oh, roundabouts," returned the other [illegible] It's grub time. Come along with me an' let's eat and then I'll show you the one and only real live specimen in all this burg. She's a peach——"

"Can't tonight, Joe. I've got an engagement. But tomorrow I'll be free; and we'll stir things up a bit before we start for somewhere."

"Where's the somewhere?"

"Don't know. Haven't considered. The world is wide, and we'll fit in."

Joe laughed. "Fit in? Well, I'll say we will," he declared. "How long have you been a soldier, major?"

"Me? Oh, about ten years! Every since I was 15, and you've been on the warpath all your life and in the Canadian mounted police for five years——

"And you've fought in Mexico, Honduras, and South Africa! And we enlisted in Princess Pat's regiment in Canada and worked our ways up to major and first 'tenant and spent twelve months in the trenches an' come mighty nigh bein' buried there with the other half of the regiment after the second battle of Ypres! And then we went into the French aviation—only you came mighty near bein' shut out because you was overweight on account of the German bullets you were packin' about inside you. And then Uncle Sam came into the war and we changed over to our own flag an'—oh, yes—I reckon we will fit in somewheres!"

Asher grinned. "Cut out the mutual admiration stuff," he remarked, "and tell me something about your girl—that peacherino you were talking about? Where does she act?"

If there was malice in the question Joe did not notice it. "She don't act," he replied. "She dances. She's a lady instructress at the Jardin de Terpsichore. Say, major, it's a dirty shame a girl like her's got to spiel with anybody that comes along an's got the price. She's a queen that oughter be protected an' cared for an'—an' all that, you know. Oh, you can laugh if you want to, but ——" Joe's voice grew resentful and his face flushed.

Asher jumped to his feet and held out his hand. "Forgive me, old man, and put her there," he cried, earnestly. "You mustn't mind my chuckling. Confound you, Joe! You've laughed at lots of other men in your time."

But Joe had grabbed the other's hand. "That's right," he agreed. "I guess I've got it comin' to me, right. Say, Frank, it come so blame sudden—just like that!" He snapped his fingers. "It was that day I come around here with that epistle of yourn. The elevator boy turned me down an' I was standin' at the door a-pondering whether to go back an' drop him down his own elevator shaft when she came along the street an' looked at me and—zowie! it was all over."

"She lives here?"

"No! She don't exactly live here. She lives over on Third avenue. She was just a passin' by here. I followed her an'— Say, Frank, I never done a rotten thing like followin' a' girl in my life before—but I followed her clean to the Jardin de Terpsichore an' I hung around an' hung around and till bime-by a fellow come up an' asked whether I didn't want to dance. I told him I didn't know how. He says, 'That's nothin', one of our young ladies 'll teach you in no time. I'll introduce you.' An' what'ye think, Frank? Dinged if he didn't take me right up to her! Warn't it the blamedest luck!"

Asher got up. "It certainly was, Joe," he agreed. "You and she must take dinner—or supper—, if that's more convenient—with me tomorrow night. I don't know when Miss—Miss——"

"Lottie—Lottie Dare."

"—when Miss Dare will be at liberty, so if you'll find out——"

"I sure will."

"And of course you'll move in here at once, Joe, now that I'm back to face the —er—elevator boy!"

Joe Reno grinned. "Sure!" he acceded. "I'll rustle my stuff over tomorrow. I'll —holy smoke! Look what time it is. I got to beat it mucho pronto. So long, old man! See you later!" Headlong he rushed from the room.

Asher stared after him with a smile. He thought he understood the situation well enough. "Lottie Dare" was a calculating "piece," who was working Joe for his money. When this was exhausted—and Asher knew enough about Joe's finances to be sure that it could not last much longer—she would drop him, unless Joe dropped her first. Asher knew Joe well enough to be sure that he

(Continued on Page 24.)

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Them's His Tools

(Concluded From Page 5)

raised himself, a wave of "Oh's" and "Ah's" ran around the room.

Something had happened. Squatty had lost his beard. The face he presented to the men was like none they had ever seen, and seemed an altogether misfit with the rest of him.

It was a face of such calm sweetness and sympathy, such delicate refinement, mingled with strength, that one would love to remember it always.

The men were awed, and when Squatty began singing in a full, clear voice, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," aye, I can scarcely tell, how Jake and Pete and Dan and Ed lost their sullen, overbearing swagger in response to that call from the old days. For some it was the call of a little kid and its mother—the little kid he had left behind when he came to make a home in the new country. Others heard once again lullabyes, long wrapped in the mist of years and drink and toil—lullabyes in native tongues almost forgotten. Some heard a call they had never heard before—the indistinct, confused, soundless voice of his Divine Comrade, his better self.

Squatty had done what he intended, and when the men were in this putty-like state he pictured the camp of the future.

There was to be light and warmth and cleanliness. A tomato can bank would be hung by the door in which each man was to drop what he wished to provide a fund for games, boxing gloves and magazines. Dave would shave any man Thursdays and Saturdays after work, which was a hint to "clean up."

They didn't give "three cheers" for the new boss, or make any loud demonstration, but a number of the gang sneaked down to the river and shiveringly made unusual ablutions. It was a good sign.

The next day work began in earnest. Every river man takes pride in his strength, and those muscles of Squatty's were an incentive to do one's best. Evening found the men tired and hungry. The dinner was unsatisfactory.

Emotions had been stirred the previous evening which the strenuous day's work had not hushed. Faces of loved ones, deserted duties, neglected opportunities, bobbed up and down in their minds as the logs bobbed up and down in the water. A reaction came with the bunk house environment. The men were itching for trouble. But Jake had nothing to say. The others were cautious not to be the promoters of a fight without Jake as a champion.

SO THE days passed, and at the end of a fortnight, Squatty's Big Idea was nearing fruition. It was then that Herrick came galloping into camp. It was night. A radiant glow shone from the windows of the bunk house. Herrick flung the reins over the neck of the mustang and dropped from the saddle; then he stood stock-still. Out upon the air floated the mellow, soul-warming strains of a melodeon; a few chords struck with an artist's touch, and now twenty full, spirited voices, in different parts, took up the old familiar song: "Do they miss me at Home, Do they miss me?"

"My God," said Herrick, softly, to the towering pines.

"My God!" It was not an oath. It was the nearest thing to a prayer Herrick had attempted in years. He reverently removed his hat and leaned his head on his arm against the neck of his horse.

When the song was finished, then another and another, Herrick ventured to look in at the window. He went stealthily like a trespasser. He saw the smiling, beardless face of Squatty, leading the singing. The interior of the bunk house was transformed. A long rough table extended the entire half length of the room. About it, on comfortable benches, sat a gang of clean-shaven fellows, each with a music book, singing as tho his heart was in the song. The bunks were neatly spread. Jake was passing apples and singing at the top of his voice.

With long strides, Herrick made for the river. It was clear. "Gee whillikins!" he ejaculated, surveying the sweep of water where so long the jam had been. "They've cleared the river; the millennium sure is come!"

He sought the new boss, and demanded to know the whole mystery in detail.

Squatty explained: "Tain't nothin' strange. There ain't no mud or bog so vile but that somethin' can be heard singin' up out of it. It's singin' the world needs, Boss, not cussin'. Every one of them fellows has a hundred violin strings runnin' thru him. Somehow, me and Dave, we can strike 'em so's they'll sing.

"That's our business—Dave's and mine."

REAL AND FICTION FOLKS

"WHY don't you read something?" inquired the intellectual lady of the languid lover. "Here's a lovely book. The character drawing is excellent."

"What kind of drawing is that?" inquired the lazy lover.

"Why, character is what the authors of novels write about mostly, the development of character and the clash of character against character or against circumstances. That is what makes the story or play interesting.

"For instance, there will probably be one weak, vacillating character, and a strong personality or two and the rest of the story is concerned with incidents and circumstances which develop and expose these two principal figures, their motives, their actions, their destinies."

"Oh, I see," replied the languid lover, apparently lulled by the intellectual lady's soothing accents. "That makes nice reading, of course, but my eyes have been bothering me lately. So I think I'll just hit the hammock while you're away."

"But don't you intend to read anything at all?" gasped the intellectual lady.

"Not if I can avoid it. Not unless you have something funnier than character to read about. I'd rather just lie in a hammock and think about some people I know than read about people I don't know. For instance, a lady in the book with dark eyes and light curly hair and a complexion like peaches and cream would be all right, but she wouldn't interest me much, not as much as a lady I know right in my own life, one just like that with a lot of extras besides.

"And I am not so much concerned with the book lady and whom she loves and whom she doesn't love as I am with another really and truly lady whose mental attainments do not in any way interfere with her physical perfection——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the intellectual lady. "The ladies in books are just as real as the lady of your dreams. The author paints her portrait as he sees her in his mind's eye."

"Then I'll write my own book about my own lady of my own dreams. I'll paint her as I see her, all peaches and cream——"

"But it isn't just a portrait. There's a lot more than that in books. There is the environment or scene or setting——"

"I'd be all right on that, too. There's nobody stronger for scenery and setting than I am. I can lie in a hammock and see all the scenes I ever saw, running brooks, overhanging branches, rustic bridges—say, remember the night we——"

"Scenery hasn't much to do with it. As I said, it's mostly character, character which changes under the influence of the varying circumstances, like a chameleon harmonizing with the shades and tints about him."

"That wouldn't bother me any," insisted the languid lover. "Putting in character would be easy for me. I'd put you in for one chameleon and I'd be the other. No chameleon has anything on me. I can be a deep-dyed villain for a couple of days, and then a noble hero for fifteen minutes——"

"All right," said the intellectual lady. "Go ahead and write it."

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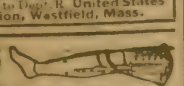

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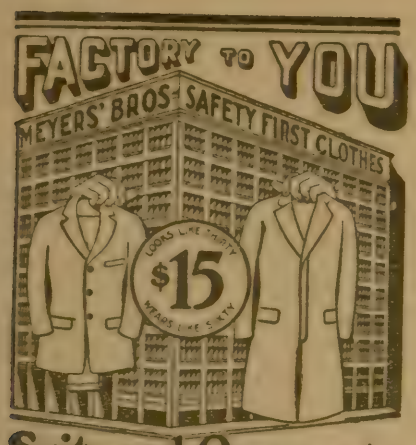

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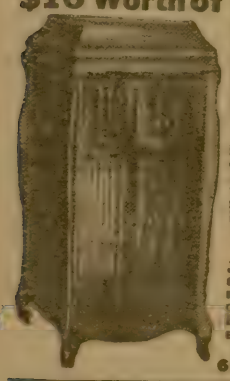

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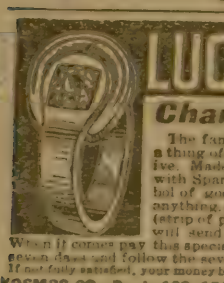

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Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

(Continued From Page 7)

cerned. Never gave me a chance to look them over." He paused a second. "Specially imported, I might say."

"I knew it!" cried Judith. "That's the sort of thing I am afraid of. If he has gone to the limit of introducing one disease among our cattle, what other plagues has he brought to the ranch? Has he imported any other outside stock?"

"No. He's been busier selling at a sacrifice than buying, just as I wrote you. Never another head has he bought lately—unless," and Tripp's eyes twinkled at her, "you count pigeons."

"Pigeons!" repeated Judith.

Tripp nodded.

"Funny, isn't it," he went on lightly—"that a man like Bayne Trevors, hard as nails and as free of sentiment as a mule, should fancy little cooing, innocent pigeons? You'll hear them in the morning."

But Judith was not to be distracted by Tripp's talk. She smiled at him, however, to show him that she had understood and appreciated the purpose back of his light words.

"We're all going to have our hands full for a spell, Doc," was what she said. "To Trevors, with a free swing here, it must have appeared rather a simple matter to make so complete a failure as to force us, encumbered as we are, into selling out to the highest bidder inside the year. Especially when he counted young Pollock Hampton as a man without business experience and Judith Sanford as a girl without brains! But, Doc, he must have known, too, that at any time there might occur the very thing which has happened—that he'd lose his job. He strikes me as a rather long-headed man, doesn't he you? Now, a man who saw ahead, figuring on this very contingency, would have more than one trick up his sleeve. We've caught him, luckily, at the sick-calf game, before it is too late. I think that the obvious thing for you to do is to make certain that all the rest of the stock are in shape. Will you begin tomorrow making a thoro investigation?"

"Yes," he answered. "You're right there, Judith. There's nothing like making sure."

"He's not thru with us," continued the girl thoughtfully; "you could read that in the look of his jaw and eye when he left. Just what he stands to make on his play, I don't know. But I do know that the Western Lumber crowd is offering us only a quarter of what they'd be willing to pay if they had to. That means that they could afford to bribe Bayne Trevors pretty heavily and still save half a million on the deal if he succeeded in the thing he has begun."

"In his way," admitted Tripp thoughtfully, "Trevors is a big man. Big men cost big money. And besides, it looks to me as tho he were a heavy stockholder in the Western Lumber. He'd stand to win two ways."

"Another thing I want you to do," Judith went on, "is to try to locate all of dad's old men whom Trevors let go. Johnny Hodge and Kelley and Harper and Tod Bruce. We'll need them. We've got to have men that crooked money can't buy."

"Aren't you magnifying things, Judith?" asked Tripp quietly. "There's such a thing as law in this country, you know."

But she shook her head.

"Maybe I am seeing the dangers too big. But I don't think so. And it will be a lot better for Blue Lake ranch if I see them that way at the beginning. And as for the law, it costs money. I'm not sure that Trevors or the lumber people would be averse to getting us involved in a lot of legal intricacies. Oh, he has been careful not to leave any definite proof behind him."

"You hit the bell that time!" laughed Tripp, and Judith smiled with him as there came to their ears the faint tinkle of the telephone bell in the office.

Judith excused herself and hastened to answer the summons. Hastened because she wanted to be back with Tripp as soon as might be. So, knowing her way so well about the big house, she went quickly thru the dark hallway without turning aside to switch on the lights and came into the office, dimly lighted by the stars shining in thru the windows.

"Doc!" Her voice rang out suddenly and Tripp sprang to his feet, wondering what had put that note into her exclamation. "Doc! Come here, quick!"

He ran into the hall that was suddenly illuminated as at last Judith's groping hand found the office switch. He saw Judith running ahead of him, out of the door opening on to the veranda and down into the courtyard.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"There was some one here," she told him quickly. "He went out that way, I think. Look thru the lilacs."

She ran one way, Tripp hurrying the other, wondering. They saw the lilacs standing still in the starlight, saw the thick shadows thrown by the columns and grape-covered trellises, heard the murmuring of the fountain.

"Jose, perhaps," suggested Tripp, coming at last to her side.

"No!" cried Judith. "It wasn't. It wasn't. It was somebody in his stocking feet, standing in the hallway, listening to us. I heard him run before me; I saw him for a second, framed against the square of the window as he slipped thru and out on the veranda. Who could it have been, Doc?"

But a close search thru the shrubbery showed them nothing. It was clear that if a man had been listening at the door he could have had ample opportunity to slip away into the darkness. He would not be loitering here now.

The telephone bell was still insistently ringing and they turned back to the office.

"Judy," said Tripp solicitously, "don't you go and get nerves, now."

"You think I imagined the whole thing!" She looked at him with clear, confident eyes. "Don't you fool yourself for one little minute, Doc Tripp. I'm not the imagining kind—yet!"

She snatched up the telephone instrument.

"Hello," said Judith. "Who is it?"

It was the telegraph operator in Rocky Bend. A message for Miss Judith Sanford from Pollock Hampton, San Francisco. And the message ran:

> What were you thinking of to chuck Trevors? Thoroly excellent man. You should have consulted me. Don't do anything more until I come. Send conveyance to meet Saturday train. Bringing five guests with me.
> POLLOCK HAMPTON.

Judith turned frowning to Tripp.

"As if I didn't have enough on my hands already," she exclaimed bitterly, "without Hampton dragging his fool guests into the mix-up! I could slap his face."

"Do it!" chuckled Tripp. "Good idea!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAPPENING IN SQUAW CREEK CANYON.

BUSY days followed for Judith Sanford and for every man remaining upon Blue Lake ranch. A score of men, including the milkers, Johnson, the irrigation foreman and his crew of laborers, had quit work, going over openly to Bayne Trevors at the Western Lumber camp. He had work there for every man of them, and Judith was not the only one upon the ranch who came to wonder how much money Trevors—or the lumber company—was prepared to spend in fighting her. From the first day she found the outfit short-handed.

Almost her first answer to Trevors' coup was to telegraph San Francisco for a Firth milking machine, together with an expert sent out by the Firth Company to install and superintend its working for the first few days. At the same time she hired from one of the Sacramento dairies a man who was to be foreman of her own dairy industry, a capable fellow with an intimate practical knowledge of automatic milkers. He, with a couple of strippers paid overtime wages, managed until the dairy crew could be builded up again. Her new foreman from the first took the greater part of this burden off her shoulders.

Mrs. Simpson, the matron from Rocky Bend, arrived, true to her promise and, motherly soul that she was, took a keen interest in Judith's comforts and in caring for the big house, of which she immediately waxed proud with an air of semi-proprietorship.

Jose, from the first, bestowed upon the cheerful, bustling woman a black hatred born of his thorogoing Latin jealousy. From this or that corner, appearing unexpectedly, glaring darkly at her in a manner which ruffled her placidity and suggested to her lively imagination terrible visions of knives in one's back, he brought an actual thrill into Mrs. Simpson's long days of routine.

Busy days also for Bud Lee, who had already begun the education of a string of colts. Busy days for Doc Tripp, who, unhampered, trusted, aided at every turn by his employer, was from dawn until dark among the ranch livestock, all but feeling pulse and taking temperature of horses, cows, colts, calves, hogs and mules. He stopped the calf sickness; effected cures in every case except one. And the rest of the stock he finally gave a clean bill of health.

Busy days for Carson. Painstakingly he estimated, to the head, the number of cattle the pastures should be carrying counting from long experience upon the hard months to come from August until December; estimating values; appearing at the week's end to suggest the purchase of a herd of calves from the John Peters Dairy Company, to be had now at a very attractive figure. And suggesting, almost insistently, upon buying a certain Shorthorn bull worth twice the twelve hundred dollars asked for him. Busy days for the foremen who had held over from the management of Trevors or who had been taken on since. The first crop of alfalfa, shot thru with foxtails, must be cut without delay and fed into the silos before the beards of the interloping growth could harden. Busy days for the short-handed milking crew; busy days of installing the new milking machines.

Judith and Doc Tripp had sought to find some trace of the man who, Judith insisted, had listened at the door in the hall. They had found nothing. So that episode, as well as Trevors himself, was shoved aside in their minds, in the stress of activity demanding attention everywhere.

With Saturday came Pollock Hampton and his guests. Trevors had misnamed him a fool, sweepingly mistaking youth, business inexperience and a careless way, for lack of brains. Just a breezy young fellow, likable, gay-hearted, keen for the joy of life, scarcely more than a boy after all. One of those rare beings whose attitude toward his fellow mortals was one of generous faith, who sought to see the best in people, who had an outspoken admiration for efficiency in any form. He came to the ranch prepared to like everything and everybody.

"Look here!" he exclaimed to Judith, before she had had time for more than a sweeping appraisal of his friends. "Why didn't you tell me you were up to a thing like this? Great Scott, Judith, you don't know what you are tackling, do you? It's ripping of you; you're a sheer wonder to tie into it; you've got no end of nerve. But running a ranch like this—why, it's a big proposition for a thunderingly big man to swing."

"Is it?" smiled Judith.

Beyond that, the only answer he got from this brief conference was the timely suggestion that his chief concern for the immediate present lay in making his guests comfortable.

Accompanying young Hampton were "Major" Langworthy, a little short, fat, bald gentleman, who, so far as the knowledge of his club members went, had never been connected with any part of the army or navy, unless one counted his congenial brigades of cocktail drinkers; Mrs. Langworthy, his supercilious, uninteresting wife; Marcia, his languidly graceful daughter, in whom Hampton gave certain signs of being considerably interested; Marshal Rogers, the Oakland lawyer, and Frank Farris, the artist. Also Marcia's maid and Hampton's Japanese valet, Fujioki. In due course of time this representative of the Flowery Kingdom grew to be great friends with Jose, the two forthwith suspected by Mrs. Simpson of all sorts of dark plots and of a racial sympathy which must be watched lest it produce "something terrible."

Pollock Hampton, holding a third of the shares of the big venture, with his legitimate claim upon a third of the income, was of course a factor which must be taken into account. Judith, knowing

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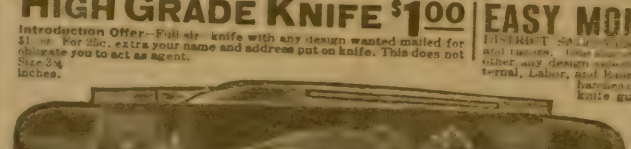

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little of him, sought to know more, watched him when he was talking, got his views upon many matters that came up haphazard, and found that, while she liked him, she would have been more than glad if he had not come to still further complicate matters for her. For it was open and shut that his interest and enthusiasm would demand a voice. She asked frankly how long he planned to stay?

"I'm here for good," he answered cheerfully. His explanation followed with a grin, quite as tho he were telling her of some rare good news: "Money's all gone, creditors are nuisances, there's no prospect with you here of having you send we anything. What is left for me but to stay?"

Judith suggested a monthly allowance. Hampton laughed good-humoredly.

"Pay me to keep out of the way? There's nothing stirring, Judith. Absolutely. I'm here to give a hand."

JUDITH had hopes, even yet, that a couple of weeks or a month at the most, of life as it runs forty miles from a railroad would dampen and finally extinguish his bright enthusiasm. But swiftly those hopes died. This was his first visit to the mountains, and for a man sick of the city's social round, every inch of the ranch, river and cliffs and rolling hills had its compelling interest. Perhaps the thing which Judith overlooked was the blood of his fathers. For before Pollock Hampton, Sr., had made his money, he and his wife had been, like Luke Sanford, pioneers. Now something in the mountains here called vaguely to the soul of young Hampton and made him restless and stirred his heart. He looked up at the sheer and mighty fall of rock behind the ranch-house and his face glowed; he leaned over the rail of a rustic bridge and forgot Marcia, who was with him, as he watched the beauty of the foam-flecked water. As he stood stock-still, looking on while Bud Lee rode a bucking bronco, his eyes were bright and eager.

"Glory to be!" he exclaimed to the major, who had been coaxed away from the buffet for a brief half hour. "Watch that man ride! While I've been learning to dance and play the piano these men have been doing real things."

"Let's go have something," said the major hurriedly. For it did not fit in with his and Mrs. Langworthy's plans to have Hampton risk his neck at such pastimes—at least not yet.

It soon became obvious that long ago Hampton had given freely of his admiration to Bayne Trevors. For Trevors had taken the time, his own purpose in mind, to look in upon Hampton some months ago in San Francisco. Further, he had created the impression which he sought to make. An impression, by the way, not entirely erroneous.

"A great man!" cried Hampton warmly. "The only man I know big enough to swing a job like this."

To himself he said that the chief good he could do at the outset was to work to get Trevors back. With this in his mind and having had no full account of Judith's manner of ejecting the general manager, he went straight to her.

"Trevors is a friend of mine," he said lightly. "I'm going to ask him to meet my guests. No objection, is there?"

She looked at him keenly.

"Do as you please," was her cool answer. "I imagine he won't care to come."

Launched upon his first business venture, Hampton went to the telephone. That evening at table he surprised Judith not a little when he said casually that Trevors had said he'd run over in a day or so, as soon as he could find time.

"What's that?" he asked, breaking off.

For certainly Judith had started to speak. But now she merely shrugged her shoulders and sat in silent thoughtfulness.

Mrs. Langworthy had no liking to bestow upon such as Judith. The girl, she confided every night to the major, was unladylike, unwomanly, horsy, unthinkable, an insult to any woman into whose presence she came.

The major agreed monosyllabically or with silent nods for the sake of peace. Personally he was rather inclined to fancy Judith's uncorseted figure, to admire her red-blooded beauty, and he always touched up the ends of his mustaches in her presence.

Judith, having early taken Mrs. Langworthy's measure, found an impish joy in murdering the proprieties for her especial benefit. She said "d—n" upon occasions when Mrs. Langworthy was there to hear; she rode her horse at a gallop into the yard and right up to the veranda when Mrs. Langworthy was there to see, swinging down as her mount jerked to standstill, as "ladylike" about it all as a wild Comanche; at table she talked of prize boars and sick calves and other kindred vulgar matters.

But the major admired her; Marcia, as days went by, proved to be a sweet-tempered, somewhat timid, but highly good-natured, affectionate creature generously offering her good-will; and Rogers, the lawyer, and Farris, the artist, both of the sophisticated, self-sufficient type, were little behind the major in interest.

During the last week of May, a rumor came to Judith's ears of which, at first, she thought little. Carson, coming to her upon a bit of ranch business, remarked dryly before taking his departure, that a report had got around among his men—Poker Face had mentioned it to him—that Blue Lake ranch was on its last legs; that it was even to be doubted, if the men ever saw another pay-day before the whole affair went into a receiver's hands. Judith laughed at him and told him not to worry.

"Me?" said Carson. "I'm not the worrying kind. But ideas like that ain't good to have floating around. A man won't do more'n half work when he's wondering all the time if he's going to get his mazuma for it."

But, when again the rumor came, this time telephoned up to her from the Lower End by Doc Tripp, she frowned and wondered. And she was careful, upon the 30th of May, to send Charlie Miller, the storekeeper, into Rocky Bend for the monthly pay-roll money. She gave him her check for one thousand dollars which, with what was in Charlie's safe at the store and in her own here, would more than pay the monthly wages. Charlie left for Rocky Bend in the afternoon, spending the night in town to get the customary morning start for the ranch. The men were to be paid at 6 o'clock.

Upon this same day Pollock Hampton told Judith that Bayne Trevors was coming to the ranch to have dinner, spend the night and the following day. Judith made no reply beyond favoring him with a quick look of question. She had not believed that the man would come. What next?

The last day of May came, and true to his promise, Trevors was a guest at the house from which, so short a time ago, he had been evicted. He dined there that night, cool and self-confident, casually polite to Judith, civil and courteous to the other guests, especially to Major and Mrs. Langworthy and Marcia, leading conversations unobtrusively, making himself liked. He watched a game of billiards, but refused to play, saying carelessly that he had a stiff shoulder. He and Hampton strolled out into the starlight and for some two or three hours walked up and down, talking quietly.

"A gentleman!" cried Mrs. Langworthy with spirit. "It just shows that a person can do outdoors work and not sink back into the barbarian!"

The morning after Trevors' arrival, Judith was up betimes and breakfasted alone. Lunching early, noon found her in the office expecting Charlie Miller. She was at work on the pay-roll book when her telephone rang. It was Doc Tripp and there was suppressed excitement in his voice.

"Bad news, Judy," he began. "It sure looks as tho you were getting your share."

"What is it, Doc?" she broke in sharply. "Tell me!"

"It's Charlie Miller. Hurt. No, not bad. Thrown off his horse, back in Squaw Creek Canyon. And—robbed."

Quickly he told all that had happened. Miller, hastening back with the wage money, was riding thru the narrow gorge when a man had sprung out suddenly in front of him. Miller's horse, shying, swerving unexpectedly, had thrown him. Before he could get to his feet the bag of gold under his coat had been torn off, his revolver wrenched away and the highwayman, his face masked with a red bandanna handkerchief, had run into the thick timber.

"Charlie just walked in, reeling like a drunken man," Tripp concluded. "His fall and a rap over the head with a gun-butt have made him pretty sick. I am sending out a posse of men from this end to try and get the stick-up man. You'd better do the same up there."

For a moment Judith sat staring at the telephone dully. Robbed of a thousand dollars, and in broad daylight! A thing like this had not occurred on the Blue Lake for a dozen years.

"Bayne Trevors!" she gasped. For, suddenly, she thought that she understood the significance of the rumor which had twice in a week come to her. Perhaps, as Tripp himself had said, she was getting nerves. Trevors himself was on the ranch right now. . . . Her two fists clinched. Yes, Trevors was here with triple purpose: To curry favor with Hampton against a possible need of it, to establish an alibi for himself, to witness Judith's discomfiture, when at 6 o'clock she must turn the men away with an excuse.

Part three of the story will be found in next week's Ledger. It now looks as if Trevors' gang—or other of Judith's enemies—have decided to lose no time or opportunity in their evil efforts to put Blue Lake ranch to the bad by any means that can be employed. Trevors, be it understood, is a powerful, capable man in many ways, so Judith will need all the aid she can possibly muster to fight him. Plenty of excitement in the next installment, in next week's Ledger. Don't miss it.

* * *

Tough Indeed.

A YOUNG woman in a Chicago real estate office unwrapped her lunch package, to find that she had taken from home, instead of her midday snack, her brother Larry's old shoe, which he had wrapped to take to a repair shop. "Gee, that's tough," she remarked.

The Matchbreaker.

(Continued From Page 9.)

of mind enough at least to wire them not to come, on account of the epidemic."

"What epidemic?" demanded Ray, innocently.

"Any epidemic—whatever they choose to imagine. The main thing is that Kitty won't find anybody to bring back from the train."

His prediction, however, proved to be slightly incorrect. When Kitty drove up, she wore a bewildered expression and was accompanied by one passenger.

"They didn't come," she announced tremulously. "I can't imagine why. This is Mr.—Mr.——"

"Burch," announced the stranger in a lazy voice that suited his general manner. "I happened to inquire for Mr. Gentry's camp, and Miss—er—Lonsbury was kind enough to drive me out."

"And I've invited him to the exhibition this afternoon," she added.

"Hadn't we better call it off?" suggested Ray hopefully.

"Never! I'm determined not to give up, rain or shine, guests or no guests." She set her lips firmly.

The newcomer declined an invitation to stay for lunch, and soon disappeared, presumably to look up the man he had come to see.

SHORTLY after 2 o'clock, the small party of neighbors who had been notified of the performance assembled with Kitty and her parents in front of the Lonsbury home. Jud Perkins, the farmer whose alleged dangerous steed had been requisitioned for the bronco riding event, appeared leading the animal. Gentry, his wrist still bandaged, strolled toward the group with a coil of rope over his arm. Dr. Spaulding, the village physician, drove up and joined the gathering.

"Your brother called me out," he explained to Kitty, "thinking there might be an accident."

"Unusually thoughtful of him," she commented in surprise.

Presently Bruce emerged from the house. He wore an ominous look, as he drew Kitty to one side and said something in a low tone. Kitty's vivacious features expressed first dismay, then incredulity, and finally just plain anger.

"I don't believe it!" she declared.

More low-voiced explanations from her brother. She shook her head.

"Make him come out. I insist."

Shaking his head mournfully, Bruce returned. A moment later, he reappeared, leading by the hand a limping, bandaged version of the "terror of the plains."

"Poor Ray—fell out of the window," explained Bruce. "Not half an hour ago—and he's all smashed up. Broken wing—" he pointed to the sling that supported Ray's right arm—"sprained ligament in his leg—bruises all over. Of course it's impossible for him to go on with the show."

"Bruce!" said his sister angrily. "This is one of the cheapest practical jokes I ever saw played. Take off those things immediately. If you intend this as a reflection on Mr. Gentry——"

"Sis," declared Bruce with dignity, "any friend of mine has as much right to withdraw because of a broken arm as Mr. Gentry has because of a broken wrist. Furthermore, he's willing to stand an examination by Doctor Spaulding to prove whether or not he's faking. Can you say the same?"

This latter remark he addressed to Gentry, who looked startled but refrained from replying.

"Bruce!" insisted his sister, "I'm utterly humiliated."

"Sorry—but I still contend that Ray is just as much injured as Mr. Gentry, and he won't go into the contest until they've both had an examination."

For a moment Kitty regarded him angrily; then her eyes strayed to the impassive countenance of the Westerner.

"Doctor," she abruptly addressed the village physician, "will you examine both

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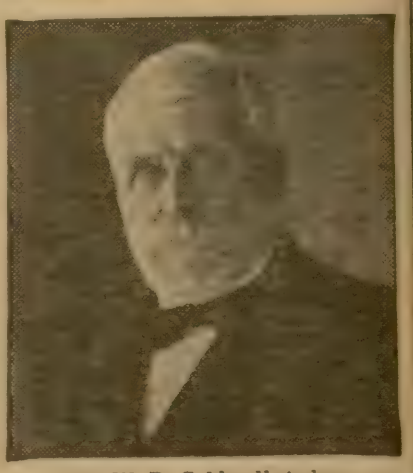

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of these men and tell us whether either of both—of them are faking?"

Gentry lighted a cigarette.

"No need in my case," he observed carelessly. "If you're going to bring it to a showdown, I'll acknowledge that my wrist is as good as it ever was."

"That's just what we want," said Bruce triumphantly. "We admit the same thing."

Kitty glanced at her brother, at Gentry, at Ray. Suddenly she turned. "I hate you all!" she exclaimed, and ran into the house.

In the confusion that followed, it came over Ray what the still small voice had been trying to tell him when Bruce had outlined his plan for exposing Gentry. It was a beautiful plan—for Bruce. It accomplished his purpose of revealing to Kitty that Gentry was an impostor, and forever forestalled any chance of the Westerner's capturing her imagination. But—it also revealed Ray in a like contemptible situation.

What an easy mark he had been!

Gentry strolled over to the conspirators. "Showed me up, didn't you, boys?" he acknowledged, grinning. "Well, it was coming to me for the fun I intended to have with our wild and woolly friend here."

"I knew from the start you weren't any more a Westerner than I was," assured Bruce, grandly.

"You don't say. I ought to have been careful under such keen eyes," said Gentry pleasantly. "But you see——"

He broke off sharply. If he had looked startled when ordered to submit his wrist to professional scrutiny, he now looked ten times more so. Nonchalantly approaching them was Mr. Burch, the newcomer whom Kitty had brought out in the morning. But Gentry quickly recovered his composure.

"It's a great day for surprises," he remarked. "Looking for me, Kramer?"

Burch—alias Kramer—smiled broadly. "For the past three months, more or less," he admitted, drawing some papers from his pocket. "Little document I'd like to serve on you," he observed. "Mack's here in the State, prepared to fight to the limit if you resist extradition."

"Oh, I'll come peaceably," said Gentry, without rancor. "I knew it would be all up if you ever found me—and I learned yesterday you were close on my trail. I'll go right over to camp and pack up."

He started off rapidly, but Bruce detained the stranger.

"What's he wanted for?" he demanded breathlessly. "What is he—a bank robber?"

"A what? Him?" Kramer laughed. "He's wanted by the MacDonald Brothers circus for jumping his contract. If he'd stayed away three months longer, it would have been forfeited and he could have signed up with the New York hippodrome. Don't you know him? Why he's Thad Suderman, champion bronco buster of the world and one of the best lariat twirlers in the country."

Ray clutched at the air for support.

"Then why—why did he pretend to break his wrist to get out of giving an exhibition?" demanded Bruce.

"You heard him say he knew I was on his trail. Afraid I'd get wind of his performance and trace him by it—that's my guess, anyway," said Kramer, as he walked away.

SOME two hours later, Ray located Kitty on a rock at the side of the trail leading to Eagle Rock. He poured a contrite and eager story into her ears—ears that seemed neither to hear nor to heed.

"If I'd had any notion—what a wonderful sort of girl you were," he ended. "I'd never have done it. And when I found out—I just couldn't—say the words that would end it all. I suppose—it's no use my ever thinking of you——"

Kitty turned, her eyes flooded with tears, and then—buried her head on his shoulder. It was the most astounding event of the whole astounding day.

"To think!" she sobbed, "that my own b-brother would accuse me of trying to vamp a man with a wife and seven children! He showed me their pictures the first day I knew him, and seemed so lonely—in exile, as he called it—that I—oh, Ray!"

Very gently, the erstwhile terror of the plains drew her closer. And it was then that he proved himself an opportunist of parts.

"Just imagine," he murmured craftily, "how mad your brother'll be when he finds that the very stunt he was trying to prevent has been pulled off by his imported matchbreaker!"

Welding the Black Menace

(Continued From Page 13)

perfect working order After two hours of flight he espied what he was looking for, a small village of native Berber tents and a larger military encampment; and in the midst of it a radio sending station of the larger type.

A moment later, as he gave orders to swoop above it all and fly fairly low, some one let drive at them with an anti-airplane gun. The missiles passed them in screaming flight, and three or four cut thru their planes. McDonough carefully aimed three hand grenades and let drive, one after another, at the point from which the firing seemed to come. Three heavy detonations and a great human howling came up to them. He gave orders to circle and swoop still lower; then he brought his machine gun into play and raked the camp and the native village. There was a great stampede—but the anti-aircraft gun kept playing at him from time to time. One of the wires was cut, one of the stagings broken. McDonough received a bullet in his left leg below the knee.

"Make a landing," he shouted to Dawkins. "We've got to fight them from the ground."

WHILE they were making a landing, McDonough continued to rake the camp with his machine gun. The ground where they landed was perfectly smooth, beaten flat by the footsteps of a thousand men thru many weeks. No sooner had they landed than he ordered Dawkins to drive the plane forward toward the camp while he kept up the machine gun fire. Those fanatics came out en masse, as if to meet the death that was sown so plentifully. In the heat of the action, with that remarkable clearness of perception that many possess in moments of great excitement, McDonough recognized their leader as the Turk Perishta Pasha, simply by Mortimer's description of him.

And at the moment he recognized him he saw the scoundrel fall. As the mob of fanatics rushed on the plane steadily advanced on them. Then suddenly, just as he was thinking they would have to take the air once more, for safety, the mob broke and fled. Those who did not flee put up their hands with the cry made famous by the Germans, "Kamarade."

"Every man retreat from the camp, out of reach of this machine gun!" McDonough called to them in what Arabic he could command. "Remember, I trust no man—will kill all who remain!"

The mob obeyed his orders, to the last man, and Dawkins slowly drove the machine, under a special control, now built on the best modern types of airplanes, down the broad street of the camp to the broadcasting station, which had been his objective from the first.

"First we must place this machine gun where it will protect us while I am talking. You take charge, Dawkins, and fire at any object you see moving within the camp."

This was done.

In no time McDonough had switched in the powerful batteries of the sending station.

"Calling El Jamil—calling El Jamil—calling Trajean or any other receiver at El Jamil," he shouted into the transmitter. "Tell Dr. Rhook Lady Khorassen is safe and well. Von Keller and Ferishta Pasha are both dead. This is McDonough talking. Ghadames and Von Keller's military camp about four hours' flight to the eastward both taken by our troops. Will return to El Jamil via Ghadames by airplane as soon as I finish this message. All is well with El Jamil. Spread the good news among the tribesmen."

He paused. A silence as of death, an uncanny silence seemed to answer him. This is one of the unsatisfactory things about broadcasting. You simply speak into space with no assurance that you are heard or heeded. But he knew it would be different when he began to call the big station at Paris.

He began once more to shout into the transmitter:

"Calling El Jamil station again. Calling Trajean or Trajean's assistant. What I am about to say to the station at Paris must be kept secret at El Jamil—absolutely secret—the life of every white man or woman now in that camp is at stake—keep this thing secret——" He might have saved all this had he only known—the tribesmen of El Jamil had been rioting all the previous night, led by the Lady Khorassen's old uncle, Mishna ben Jamil, and one of their first acts was to smash the receiving station there.

He began to call Paris, France—War Department of French government:

"Eight Americans, three women among them, are imprisoned with the tribe of El Jamil in the Kifar on the Wady Igharghar, four hours' flight by plane south of Biskra and about an hour's flight east by south of Ghadames. Native fanatics, stirred by German and Turkish agents under Von Keller, rioting. French government must send relief at once. Von Keller has abducted away the chieftainess of the tribe, one Lady Khorassen el Jamil. Harold Mortimer, Sr., American, and entire family imprisoned there and in great danger. Every hour is precious. I am waiting for an answer."

He clapped a receiver to his ear and waited. He waited what seemed an eternity, cursing the French slowness under his breath. Then the machine gun on the platform below the sending station began to chatter, and a smell of acrid smoke as if from burning cloth began to fill the air. He looked out and saw, in the direction of the gentle south wind, a billowing cloud of smoke. Those scoundrels had fired their tents in the hope of driving the foreigners out.

Presently he heard a faint voice in the receiver, and shouted to Dawkins to cease firing.

"We cannot understand," came the voice from Paris. Two or three other stations were on, blocking the message perhaps purposely. "We—this is incredible—what is it that you want—speaking—make plain—joke."

McDonough—mad with rage because of the jamming—opened up the transmitter once more and shouted to Dawkins to begin firing again and to fire until ordered to stop, no matter at what. As he finally signaled to Dawkins to cease firing a howl of rage and fear from the natives still busy firing the tents to the southward smote his ears.

"Calling Paris," he shouted. "Eight Americans, three women, in danger from native troops at El Jamil intersection of line south of Biskra east of Ghadames—intersection of line—intersection of line south of Biskra east of Ghadames—rescue! rescue! rescue! By airplanes, by airplanes, not an hour to be lost!" He repeated every phrase three or four times to make sure his was getting it past the jamming, probably carried on purposely from Berlin and Moscow. "Waiting for reply."

"Perhaps that firing and those awful shouts will convince Paris," he muttered as he slapped the receiver to his ear.

He heard faintly a confused jumble of noises, but no distinct reply from Paris.

"We must get out of here or lose our plane!" It was Dawkin's voice speaking from below.

"All right. Begin firing again."

With the transmitter wide open and the rat-a-tat-tat of the machine gun going into it, McDonough, who never lost his head, leaped down the steps. He knew the frail wooden staging would soon go in the blaze, and he wanted whatever evidence of warfare there might be, in the way of noises, to be transmitted to Paris, and whatever other stations were receiving it.

In a jiffy he and Dawkins had manuaged to get the machine gun back into the fusilage of the airplane, but not into place. They were just in time. They arose above the camp just as the flames, made hotter by the burning desert sunshine, swept over the spot.

"Straightaway flight for Ghadames," he ordered as they mounted the blue.

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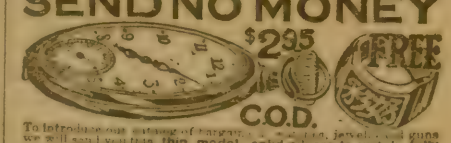

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"If our friends have no petrol there, then we can only reach El Jamil on horseback and perhaps too late."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE middle of that hot, sultry, glaring afternoon, Dawkins and McDonough volplaned into a field just outside Ghadames without a single drop of petrol in their tank. McDonough had dressed his leg as best he could while the machine was in flight and had poured on the wound a great quantity of iodine.

They were met by Harold Mortimer and Bud Sifert. Harold was bandaged to the eyes. He looked wild. He had not shaved for days. There were dark blood smears upon his livid face.

He descended from his prancing bay and came running and staggering forward with inquiry on his lips. It seemed that horsemen of the tribe of El Jamil had ridden out to the east at dawn and had returned reporting a wrecked and burned airplane. They had reported confidently that it was the plane of the two Americans. McDonough had time to wonder why the Lady Khorassen had left no tracks that could be followed in leaving the airplane. Perhaps it was because the stalwart Prussian had carried her for some distance in his arms.

He caught hold of Mortimer sternly and looked into his eyes:

"Listen, Harold," he said with all the force that can be put into human speech. "This thing is serious. Julia Wentworth, and your father and stepmother and Nina are all at El Jamil, if they have not already been murdered by those bloodthirsty fanatics."

"Julia? My Father? Nina?" the man gasped.

"Yes, listen. You have seen the slaughter carried on here last night. You were powerless to stop it. Those Moslems class us all as Franks. An unveiled woman is an abomination to them. When they learn for sure that Lady Khorassen is dead, they will turn upon us and murder every one of us."

"Lady Khorassen, dead?"

"Yes. Don't make an outcry, or I'll murder you where you stand. Listen now. Your father, your sister, and Julia are in the greatest danger. We must act and act quickly. You got us all into this; now you must help me get them out, or at least do not do anything to hinder. The tribe must be made to believe that the Lady Khorassen is safe. You must assure them; you must tell them that lie. Say she is under the protection of a great shiek at Ghurian. That Dawkins and I killed the Prussian and carried her there in our airplane.

"And now for the second matter. We must have petrol, at once, to get to El Jamil. Our tank is dry. Is there any here at Ghadames."

"Not a drop. I thought of that need and tried to get some located. But the rioting troops last night set fire to the only supply in the place."

McDonough groaned.

"But there is some at El Jamil. That plane that was wrecked is bound to have had a full supply," he said.

"There is a supply nearer than that," said Mortimer, showing that he still had his wits about him. "Hobson's plane was wrecked half way back over the track from here to El Jamil. We found poor Hobson dead, and also his machine gunner, and we got the gun. The tank was half full and leaking a little from a pet cock. I myself shut off the leak and left a French poilu with plenty of water to guard it."

"Then, let me have your swiftest horse, and I will go out and get enough to get us to El Jamil."

"No, McDonough, you must not go," said Sifert. "I have had some rest, and am a lighter than you. I will take Mortimer's mount and go after it. I will certainly be back in time to put you into El Jamil before it is too dark to see."

Mortimer put a number of his faithful poilus to guard the airplane and he himself led the two men to a large building—the largest in the place, which had been turned into a hospital. Dawkins, without waiting to eat, bathe or drink, dropped down on a pallet of straw and was at once asleep. McDonough started to take a bath, but was interrupted by the captain of a small detachment of Italian troops, which had been garrisoned at Ghadames and which had taken no part in the general engagement, but had acted more or less as police during the night. With the captain came a badly frightened Italian colonial official. They wanted an explanation.

McDonough told them what Mortimer had already told them. He told them of the five-fold plot to involve England, Belgium and France, and even the United States in a war with the blacks of Africa, and how it was to have been a holy war. He explained to them what he conceived to be the plot of Von Keller to draw French troops into Italian territory in order to foment a quarrel between Italy and France. In short, he told them all he knew, except that Lady Khorassen was dead. He represented to them that he and Dawkins had driven Von Keller to earth and killed him and had carried the lady safely to Ghurian, where she was now in the harem of a powerful shiek, whose name he could not for the life of him remember. He told him that he had broadcasted news of the affair to all the stations in Europe and that doubtless he would hear from his government in Rome within a short time. The captain finally expressed himself as satisfied for the time, provided, of course, Mortimer and McDonough would withdraw their troops at once.

They agreed to do this, and Mortimer, who was plainly still suffering intensely from his wounds, called Sidi ben Jamil, asking him to call the troops into the great square of the hot springs—which gives the town its name, and get them ready for the return march by night across the desert to El Jamil, assuring him at the same time that Von Keller was dead and that Lady Khorassen was safe at Ghurian.

Sidi agreed, the drums of the [illegible] beat the assembly, and the troops came pouring in from the twilight streets, roofed over for the most part for protection from simoons, into the square of the hot springs. An arrangement was made with the Italian garrison to protect the wounded till they could be sent for, but no one expected anything else than that the Berbers would invade the hospital and murder them the moment the Algerians were gone. Canteens were filled, water carts were got ready, and the little army, less than one-third of those that marched forth from El Jamil, got ready to march back. It was four nights of hard marching at best, even for those barefoot troops, who are the fastest on foot in the world. They had done the distance in less than three days and nights, coming over, an unbelievable feat.

EVERYTHING seemed to be going well with the preparation, when word reached the assembly somehow that Lady Khorassen was not at Ghurian, but was dead and buried. How this news leaked out, is not known, but it is probable that scouts of the Tribe of El Jamil, not satisfied with the first finding of Sidi's men, remained behind, tracked the two fugitives and found the burying place of the Prussian and the woman. At any rate, the news reached Ghadames and bedlam broke loose again.

But this time it was not against the Berbers and Ghadamites that the Algerians wished to vent their spleen, but against the Franks that had got them into this thing—against Mortimer, and Dawkins, Bud Sifert, and Dan McDonough. The poilus, at a wink from McDonough, sided with the Algerians to save their own lives. It was their only hope.

As for the four Americans, three escaped in the airplane, which gave it its full carrying capacity, and Bud Sifert, who had just returned on Mortimer's horse with a supply of gasoline, got his own rested mount and escaped northeast toward Ghurian and Tripoli.

As the three men escaped in the airplane, they heard the cry: "On to El Jamil to destroy the Franks!"

McDonough now knew that there was no hope of reconciliation and no safety except in flight even for the venerable Dr. Rhook, as it was now Sidi ben Jamil, the Lady Khorassen's own cousin, who was leading the natives.

The trio, Dawkins, McDonough and Mortimer, made the flight in record time. They found the tiny oasis surrounded, the white men and women of the place besieged within it. They drove off the besiegers with the machine gun, long enough to make a landing, a very difficult and precarious landing.

They found Dr. Rhook, Trajean, the two French fliers, Julia, the Mortimers and a half dozen poilus, left behind for the protection of the women folks, lying flat on the ground to avoid the murderous fire of the natives who had been forced to remain behind and not go on the expedition to Ghadames, and who,

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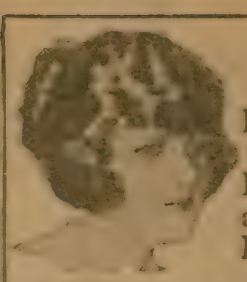

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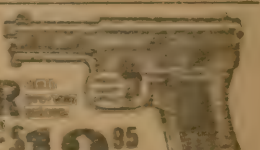

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breaking all restraint, had mutinied the night before.

Mortimer and McDonough crept among them, while Dawkins bravely kept up the machine gun fire from the plane.

"Nina, can you drive an airplane?" was the first thing McDonough asked of her.

The girl nodded her head.

"Then it is settled," exclaimed Harold Mortimer. "Father, we can save the three women. As soon as it is a little darker, Nina shall take the biplane and take mother and Julia to safety. We think the French are coming to the rescue."

"But you are wounded, Harold," cried Julia. "You go home with Nina and Mrs. Mortimer in the airplane."

"No."

"Then neither will I. Mr. Mortimer or Dr. Rhook may go. I will stay right here with you. If you die here, I will die with you."

In vain did they expostulate with the young woman. She was obdurate. She absolutely refused to go, since Harold could not go with her. Finally Mrs. Mortimer offered to stay, saying that her place was beside her husband, and that Harold and Julia could both go. While the debate was going forward, Trajean, who had been the chief defender of the women and had repeatedly risked his life, was dragged in, desperately wounded. Since Julia absolutely refused to go, it was finally decided that Nina should take her stepmother and Trajean as soon as it was dark, and make a dash for Biskra or Constantine.

"I will return at once for others," she whispered to McDonough, but he absolutely forbade her to do so.

Then the two lovers parted. Lying on the ground, where McDonough was busy digging in with mighty sweeps of his little entrenching spade, the pair embraced, not knowing whether or not it would be for the last time. And a little after full darkness set in, the brave girl, whom McDonough had described as the best little sport in the world, set out.

That night, while Julia lay in a little trench, holding the hand of Harold Mortimer, who had grown delirious from his wounds, McDonough and his men worked like moles, digging deep into the ground and hollowing out a cavern, into which they all might creep from time to time for rest, and from the entrances of which they could keep up a fire upon the enemy.

In that dark hole that night and the next day, Julia Wentworth became a very angel of mercy. The place was soon crowded with the wounded. Their cartridges were running low. They had no food, and very little water. A single candle was all the light they permitted themselves, because a burning light would vitiate the atmosphere, already almost unbearable. Thus they remained below ground until Julia had lost all sense of the passage of time. And when Dan McDonough crept to her and said, "It is nearly night again," she asked, "What night?"

"One night and one day have passed," he replied. "The French ought to be coming soon. They could have jumped off from Marseilles. They ought to have been here long ago."

While he was speaking a poilu, wounded in the hand, came to him and whispered: "An airplane has been sighted out to the north. Shall we send up signals?"

"Yes, send up two rockets."

He groaned as he thought: "That may be Nina returning alone!"

It was Nina. She had gone as far as Constantine, delivered Trajean to the hospital there, cabled Paris, searched the town for other airplanes and found none, and had returned alone. She had timed her arrival for a little after dark, but had arrived too soon. Now she was circling above waiting for night so that she could make a safe landing.

An hour later she volplaned to the ground and drew the murderous fire of a dozen natives while doing so, and presently found herself in McDonough's arms, who had rushed forth to meet her.

"This time you must take Julia and Harold," he said, while she was lifting bundles from the fusilage and commanding him to do likewise. Nina, wise as well as brave, had a little of everything in that fusilage—lint and bandages, tea, a spirit lamp, iodine, food, the best to be had in Constantine, everything, and she had thought of Dan's special tastes in selecting the food.

"Fromage, camambert, petite gateaux a la Madeleine, celerie remoulade," she chuckled as the two made a dive for the cavern.

"You are a darling," murmured McDonough as he limped after her, doubled up into the smallest possible space. "But you must not come back again; I absolutely forbid you to come back again. Before you could return again, that army of fanatics will be here from Ghadames. You must make me a solemn promise that you will not return again; otherwise I will not permit you to go this trip, but will send Dawkins instead."

"Do that," she cried, her eyes flashing in the light of the still-flamed candle. "I want to stay right here with you."

But McDonough insisted that she go, and go at once, as soon as she and Julia had had something to eat and drink. Harold Mortimer was now delirious, half unconscious; they had to carry him and place him in the machine. And then with its precious freight, trebly precious since the last few hours to Dan McDonough, the airplane once more departed for civilization.

Another night and another day passed in that underground cavern. The place seemed especially dismal; not a man present but expected to be exterminated right there. There were no women now, and this alone had its moral effect. Dr. Rhook took Julia's place looking after the wounded. But thanks to Nina's thoughtfulness they had plenty of good food, an important consideration in keeping up men's courage.

Then as night came down for the third time upon their underground prison, they heard a wild shout—it was the troops from Ghadames, the vanguard—they had crossed the desert in double-quick time.

"Now," muttered McDonough, "they will dig us out like moles and murder us with torture."

But there was a second cry, a frightened and indignant cry: "The Franks! The Franks!"

McDonough crept to the entrance and looked out. There in the deepening twilight he saw six great planes. The flares that had been got ready for this very thing were all set off at once. The burning fusees lighted up the place as bright as day, and the French by their light turned their machine guns upon the mob of howling natives.

In no time they had driven them off and taken McDonough, Dr. Rhook, Mortimer, Sr., Dawkins and three poilus in their planes.

"Are these all?" asked a French colonel.

"These are all that are here," replied McDonough. "The others, one American and perhaps twenty poilus and French laborers, are in the neighborhood of Ghadames if they are still alive."

The colonel gave orders for four planes to go back to Tripoli by way of Ghadames and look after these others, and the two big planes started north.

McDonough and Dr. Rhook rode in the same machine with the colonel. McDonough had already asked about Nina, but now he asked about her again. "She wanted to follow us," said the colonel. "I forbade her. Then she insisted on following, and I had her detained in Constantine forcibly. She is now doubtless saying everything ugly she can think of about me."

"Never mind," laughed McDonough. It was the first laugh the big-hearted fellow had had for days, the first since the kidnaping and the terrible simoon.

In Paris, three days later, Dr. Rhook and Dan McDonough told officials of the French government the whole scheme of Von Keller, and his four villainous associates, and so the gigantic scheme to foment a holy war in Africa collapsed.

England, Belgium, France and Italy served a joint notice on Russia, Turkey, Prussia and Japan that any special missionary activity in their protectorates, or spheres of influence, in Africa would be at once and forcibly punished. The Marhatta Prince, the Bow da Rand, was tried in a British court and condemned to be hanged.

Three months later there was a double wedding in New York, big Dan McDonough and Nina Mortimer, and Julia Wenthworth and Harold Mortimer, Jr. Bud Sifert attended the double wedding, having escaped from Tripoli unhurt before the French or Italians had time to come to the rescue.

THE END.

Wooden Spoil.

(Concluded From Page 13.)

"Say, Father Lucy, why don't you explain to him that that yarn's a lie?" persisted Lafe.

But again the cure ignored him. "We shall sail as soon as possible, Jean," he said. "Go back to the store and instruct the storekeeper to telephone to the crew—Drouin is one, and the others I do not know. And then return to me."

Jean Baptiste stood like a statue. He hung his head, muttering. Then, slowly, he raised it and smiled into the cure's face.

"Enough, then. I go," he said gravely.

"Well, I'm darned!" exclaimed Lafe. "Say, Father, why didn't you tell him it wasn't true, that story?"

The cure smiled whimsically and laid his hand on Lafe's shoulder. "Ah, Mr. Lafe," he answered, "when exercise will cure a paralyzed limb, we do not use the crutch."

LAFE stared at him. And slowly he began to understand. Father Lucien's ways were often inscrutable, but somehow he got there in the end.

"By jing, you're a brick, Father!" he cried, striking the priest between the shoulders. "And say! I take it all back—everything! Go on and bless the cabbages. Go on praying out fires. Go on, go on! You've got the knack somehow—only I'm—I'm jinged if I see how you do it till it's all over!"

Baptiste, who had been telephoning inside the store, came out. "Drouin and Lachance will be at the wharf in fifteen minutes, Monsieur Tessier," he said.

The cure nodded and took Baptiste by the arm. The three began to stroll toward the wharf. When they arrived at the wharf-head, however, instead of proceeding toward the schooner the cure led the way, still holding Baptiste, toward Dupont's cottage. Baptiste stopped near the door.

"Where are you taking me, Father Lucien?" he asked. "I do not go there."

And, as the cure seemed bent on proceeding inside, he wrested himself away.

"No, mon pere," he said firmly. "I have obeyed thee once tonight, but now thou askest what is beyond thy right or power. I do not enter there."

"My son," answered the priest, "since thou hast chosen rightly tonight, I tell thee now that that story was not true. It was Pierre and LeBlanc who took Marie Dupont to the island, and Monsieur Askew and Monsieur Connell here found her and saved her from them, and brought her home. In my pocket I have

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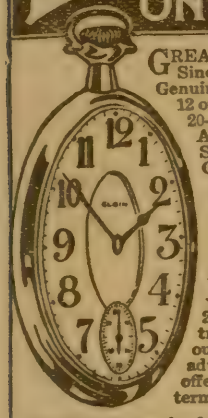

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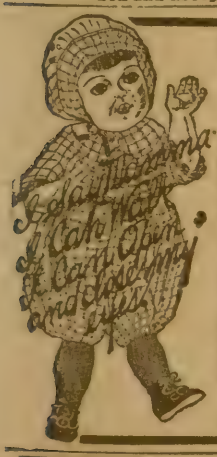

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a letter. Tomorrow thou shalt read it and understand."

"Mon pere!" stammered Baptiste, and began to tremble.

"Learn it from her lips."

"Mon pere, I do not go inside that house. If it is true, I am not worthy. Besides, she hates me, and——"

Still holding his arm the cure opened the door. "Marie Dupont!" he called.

The girl stumbled toward the door, saw Baptiste at the cure's side, and uttered a frightened cry.

Father Lucien took Jean Baptiste by the arm and led him into the house. He closed the door gently, but not before Lafe had seen Marie in Jean's arms. Lafe swore softly.

"What's the matter, Mr. Lafe?" asked Father Lucien.

"Nothing," answered Lafe shortly. "I was just thinking of Shoeburyport, Mass., that's all. You wouldn't understand. At least——"

He looked at the cure, and then it occurred to him that he was viewing him from an entirely different angle. For the first time in their acquaintance it occurred to him that Father Lucien was really a man underneath his long soutane.

When, a few minutes later, the priest opened the door, Marie and Jean came forward with linked arms, and their expressions were transformed. Jean grasped Lafe by the hand and looked at him earnestly, but did not say a word.

"Come now," said the cure. "The men are waiting on the wharf for us. Bon soir, Marie."

"I go with Jean," said the girl.

CHAPTER XXVI.
THE RESCUE.

OUT of the darkness a little light began to glow. It shone and sparkled, and suddenly raced skyward, disclosing the outlines of the schooner stranded upon the edge of the ice field.

Baptiste drove his vessel straight toward it, running upon the gale. The little group upon the deck watched in terror as the flames spread, until it could be seen that they enwrapped the entire fore part of Dupont's schooner.

Dupont, in his madness, evading Brousseau, had set fire to the lumber with the aid of the petroleum kegs which he carried in the hold. And Brosseau, at the wheel, was striving desperately to run the burning vessel back into open water and cast her upon the ice-free shore of the south passage, beyond the point. In his fear he had forgotten Madeleine and Hilary.

As Madeleine crouched on the ice, still frantically endeavoring to recall Hilary to consciousness, the thinning mists rolled back. Looming up out of the darkness, and approaching rapidly, was the second schooner. At the same time voices hailed them. They had been seen.

Brousseau, upon the poop, yelled in answer. And he began to run to and fro in his excitement, possessed only by the fear of death by fire.

The flames spread. The cabin was now involved, and a great column of smoke was shooting skyward, carrying with it a fiery spark cloud.

Dupont came out of the smoke, his face alight with fanatic madness. He caught him by the arm.

"See the fine fire!" he shouted. "He won't get out of that in a hurry. I told her that I would give her his life for the name, but I have not got the name. The name! What is it? The name!"

His voice rang out across the heaving waters, and, as he called, Baptiste swung down the wheel, and the second ship glided alongside and passed.

It drove off into the distance, driven by the whipping wind, but not before Dupont's words had been heard.

From the group upon Baptiste's ship a figure disengaged herself and stepped forward. It was Marie Dupont. She poised herself upon the deck, and her voice rang out above the gale and the sea.

"I give you the name," she cried. "It is Edouard Brousseau. It is he, and I give you my secret which I have borne all my life. Take it!"

She fell back into Baptiste's arms. And it seemed as if, with the breaking of the inhibition, her past life, with its fears and terrors, was melted into the life of happiness that was to be.

Dupont had heard her. For a moment they could see the tall figure of the old man, with his wind-tossed hair and beard, standing as if petrified upon his blazing deck. Then he cried out like a screaming sea-bird, and his arms closed about the man at his side.

As Baptiste turned and tacked it could be seen that the old man was holding Brousseau with one arm, as easily as if he held a child, while with his free hand controlled the wheel again. What reservoir of strength he drew upon, what miracle of seamanship, could never be known. But, as if nature were aiding him, a veering gust caught the sails, and with a backward movement the schooner began to glide thru the entrance of the ice-field into open water.

The fire was all about them. Screams came from the doomed ship, but they came from Brousseau, struggling in Dupont's arms. Not a sound came from the captain's lips.

The vessel gained her freedom, she turned and began to drive eastward, toward the gulf and its open water. Faster and faster she went as the wind compelled her. The horrified watchers upon the deck of Baptiste's schooner saw the blazing vessel glide into the distance, a blazing comet, and Dupont, black against the heart of the fire, and Brousseau in his arms.

LITTLE was afterward remembered concerning the rescue. But from that night legends began to spread along both shores; of Baptiste's seamanship, and of Hilary, who, single-handed, saved the heiress of the seigniory from Brousseau and the two outlaws.

But none of the principals in these events cares overmuch to dwell upon them, even in memory. And, tho memories live long in silence, gossip soon dies. All this is becoming a local legend, such as mothers tell to their babies.

But the St. Boniface mill now hums from dawn till dark, and the asbestos mine has brought in its workers and made St. Boniface a flourishing village in the North country.

Twice a month, when he pays his pastoral visit, you may see Father Lucien, still hale and strong, patrolling Ste. Marie with a curious hazel stick, fashioned with a knob at each end; and it is said that Ste. Marie is one of the best parishes on the north shore.

On Sundays, seated in the parish church, may be seen Simeon Duval, nodding his head approvingly as, point by point, the cure takes up his denunciation of liquor-selling. For Father Lucien really reached Simeon's soul with his hazel stick.

Marie has the best house in the village, for Baptiste does a thriving trade carrying the St. Boniface lumber.

Here is Clarice, who looks, somehow, just as one might have expected from Lafe's descriptions.

"He wouldn't come home," she says to Hilary, "so I had to come after him. But he's coming home next October, to see his children and the new house."

"Bought and paid for," says Lafe. "Yes, I guess that's correct, Mr. Askew. Tho I'll be back some day to see you all. It ain't so bad, this country—except for that pink and black porch Baptiste's put on his house. Darn him, what did he want to do that for? I tell you how it is; these people can't help breaking out somewhere and somehow; it's in their blood, that's what it is."

But in his heart he knows that the winter will see him back in St. Boniface.

Madeleine smiles, and puts her arm thru Hilary's.

THE END.

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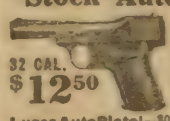

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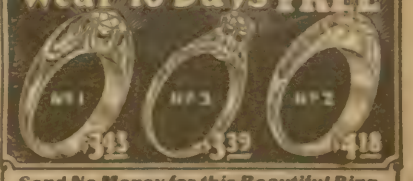

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C. E. MOORE, Pres., Home Builders Club, Dept. 305, Batavia, Illinois

Locked in the Sea

(Continued From Page 16.)

was quite likely to beat her to that denouement. So he did not worry.

Ten minutes brisk walking took him to Ann Rockton's and in ten minutes more he was seated opposite her at dinner.

Ann was a splendid specimen of an American business woman, vigorous, well set up, good looking enough if she had cared to make herself so, and business from the word go. She greeted Asher with the firm grasp of a boy and hurried him to the table.

While eating Asher told of his experiences in France and their result; and of his and Joe's intention to start for "somewhere" in a week or two. But not until dinner was over and the two had adjourned to the library did he touch on the real subject of his visit.

"Ann," he began, "I hear you are going to Vera Cruz?"

Ann's eyes twinkled. She guessed what was coming. "Yes," she admitted. "I sail day after tomorrow on the Oldenburg."

"Don't go!"

"Why not?" Ann asked the question calmly. Asher was at least the twentieth of her friends, employes, and acquaintances who had tried to dissuade her from going to Mexico. She had listened to them all and had not altered her course by a single hairsbreadth, and she had no intention of altering it. But for years she had prided herself on her willingness to listen to any one who could present a really valid argument for or against anything connected with her business.

It was amazing, however, how few valid arguments people who differed with her seemed to possess. Almost invariably, when they had finished, Ann shook her head. "No," she would say, "you haven't convinced me. I'm not going to do this, that, or the other because I want to do it or because I want to have my own way, or because I think I know best. I'm not so silly as all that. I'm going to do it because I've thought everything out and I know what I'm going to do is the right thing and the only thing. So"—Ann would look calmly up with baby blue eyes into exasperated old or young, male or female, faces—"so of course I've got to do it." Then she was very likely to add: "Please help me to get ready," and close the conversation. What made her friends angriest was that her wildest enterprises had always turned up trumps.

Ann came by her resolution (which some called obstinacy) as she came by her eyes, honestly. Both of them were inherited from her tough old father, who had brought her up as his friend and companion and had taught her all he knew about business, particularly the business of running a steamship line and an expert concern with a dozen foreign branches—and what old Rockton did not know on these subjects was really negligible, as a good many would-be rivals could testify. From him, too, she had acquired sundry maxims, especially one. "Don't send a boy; go yourself"—which she found very applicable. When at last Rockton died and she inherited the steamship line and all its appurtenances, she applied this maxim even more strenuously than he had done; and by it, or perhaps in spite of it, she had managed things so smoothly that the absence of the old man's hand on the helm was scarcely noticeable.

So when she announced that she would start for Vera Cruz on the "day after tomorrow" on her steamship, the Oldenburg, everybody about her office knew that it was useless to make objections. Nevertheless, they tried it; and finally Frederick Hasse, New York manager, wired in despair to Asher, whom he knew had just arived at Newport News. Asher, tho he knew that protests would be useless, hurried to New York to do his best. Asher had been Ann Rockton's guardian for the two years that elapsed between her father's death and her attainment of her majority, and he felt impelled to protest, tho he knew that Ann would pay no more attention to him than she had while she was his ward, which was none at all.

As a matter of fact neither old man Rockton or Ann nor Asher had expected her to pay any attention to him. "The law says you've got to have a guardian, Ann," said old Rockton toward the last. "So I've named Frank Asher. He's a gentleman and he's a man, too. He won't rob you, and as he doesn't know a thing in the world about business he won't interfere with you. Be nice to him and he'll play figurehead for a year or two. And, by the way, Ann, if I were you, I'd consider marrying him. You couldn't get a better man."

Ann promised that she would consider it, but when, later, on the day his guardianship ended, Asher asked her to marry him she refused. Later, when on various flying visits "home" he renewed his offer, she again refused and repeated her refusal time and again during the next few years, until proposal and refusal grew to be a habit with both of them.

Despite all this, Asher really had some influence with her, perhaps more than any one else in the world; and he determined to do his best to deter her from her purposed trip.

"I don't like it, Ann," he protested, when she asked him for his objections. "I don't like it a little bit. I always meant to marry you this fall and——"

"So kind of you!" Ann laughed. "Particularly as I've refused you at least a dozen times. Good gracious, Frank, can't you take no for an answer?"

"Not where you are concerned," grinned Asher.

"But I'm not a bit suited to you or you to me," protested the girl. "You're a fighting man who doesn't know a thing about business except how to spend its proceeds; and I'm one of the common herd who was cradled in a scales-pan and weaned on hardtack, and rode a cockhorse to Banbury Cross on a yardstick. I think in dollars and cents, while you don't know a bill of lading from a manifest and you wouldn't recognize a draft with documents if you met it coming up the street. We're utterly different——"

"That's why I love you, Ann. But I don't want to make myself a nuisance. I can wait. Only—don't go to Vera Cruz. It isn't safe. All sorts of things happen down there, both by sea and land. It isn't safe, Ann."

"Nonsense! It's just as safe as staying in New York and being killed in an auto accident. I've spent about three years of my life at sea and I've never found it more exciting than a night in a sleeping car."

"But they weren't years like these," insisted Asher, mournfully. He was really very gloomy, as any man had a right to be who saw his would-be fiancee preparing to start on an ocean voyage and leave him behind. "In Mexico—nowadays, even—you're liable to get blown up on a train or carried off to some bandit's lair. Why not let some one go for you?"

"I never send a boy on an important job like this."

"Send a man, then. Send me, if you like."

Ann shrugged her shoulders despairingly. "You couldn't do the work," she answered, cruelly.

Asher colored hotly. "I'm sorry you think I'm a fool," he said.

"I don't think you're a fool. Nobody's a fool for not knowing a particular game—unless he tries to play it against somebody whose particular game it is. Business isn't your game; that's all. However, permit me to inform you that our trade with Mexico has been revolutionized. You think you've been doing all the fighting in France, I know; and you have been doing wonderful work. But you haven't been doing all of it by any means. Some of us who stayed at home have been fighting a commercial war all thru Latin-America that's as deadly as any you've fought in the trenches. Uncle Sam has been rooting up German trade—and it's roots strike deep, as they ought to after fifty years' growth. And my Mexico managers haven't risen to the occasion. They've been getting me into bad repute out of pure blundering ignorance. They don't understand the new law or the conditions, and they never will till I go down and read the riot act to some of them. So—you'll help me get everything ready, won't you, Frank?"

Asher said he would, of course, and kept his promise by stopping at a florist's and a confectioner's and ordering a whole cabinful of roses and bonbons to be sent to the Oldenburg.

Then he went on home and sat down to wait in the hope that Joe Reno would soon come in. And instead came Lottie Dare!

CHAPTER III.

ASHER looked up. Abruptly, without apparent cause, a shiver had passed over him and he had stiffened, exactly as his Darwinian ancestors of ages before had stiffened at the approach of some unseen danger. Several times in his life before he had felt the same premonitory thrill, and each time it had saved his life and the lives of others. He had learned to accept it as a warning and to ascribe it to instinct rather than to reason. Still, being a man and hence naturally antagonistic to anything he could not understand, he always sought to find some exciting cause, remote or near at hand, that would serve to explain it. He looked up at the clock and saw that twenty minutes had ticked themselves away while he had sat reviewing the events of the evening. Twenty minutes! Time enough for a score of enemies to creep upon him. They had not come. Therefore——

The presentiment was growing stronger and stronger. With a sudden impulse he sprang at the electric light button in the wall and pressed it as he had done before. Then he dodged aside.

Nothing happened! Frowningly he sidled to the window and peered cautiously out—upwards and downwards—thru the iron tracery of the fire escape, outlined against the sky above and against the light from the lamps in the street below. But from top to bottom the iron work seemed bare.

Back into the room he turned disgustedly and snapped on the light. Then he searched the other rooms.

Nothing!

Back to the main room he came at last. The warning was overwhelming now. He dared not longer disregard it. If Lottie Dare's enemies were real, if they were creeping upon him, they would be coming for one thing and for one only—the letter that she had left. With startling clearness there came upon him the certainty that this letter was unutterably precious and must be protected at all costs. To his aroused perceptions the fate of the world seemed to hang upon it.

Up from the table he snatched it, intending to learn its secret once for all. But in the very act of tearing it open he desisted. He felt that he had no time. Every impulse told him to hide it, and hide it quickly. Round about he looked for some safe place.

His eyes fell on the pool table, piled high with ancient documents—thousands of them. Slipped within one of these packets the letter would be safe, no matter what happened to him. Except by chance no one could hope to find it in less than a day's search.

But some one might be watching him. That any one could be watching him seemed impossible—and yet— Again he snapped out the light, then hurried to the table and began to fumble in the gloom among the documents, plowing a channel right thru them from the edge to the center line of the table.

Then with appalling suddenness there came from the door of his flat a sharp click, as of a key turning in the lock.

Instantly his agitation vanished, as it always did when danger was actually upon him. His premonitions were always really premonitory—not contemporary. When the moment for action came they always disappeared and left him cool and ready to face whatever might come. With a single long breath he thrust the letter inside one of the rolls of papyrus, left the table, walked to the light, and snapped it on. There he turned toward the door.

As he did so it opened and a girl appeared framed in its oblong.

She was not Lottie Dare. She was not even of Lottie's type. She differed from Lottie in every possible way. She was taller and slimmer and—and—different. Yes! That was it; she was different. Asher nodded to himself in huge satisfaction. He felt that he had made a great discovery. Instinctively he stepped back for her to enter.

She did not enter. Instead she stood upon the threshold, with anxiety and perhaps even fear darkening her tawny eyes. "What—what are you doing in my rooms?" she gasped.

Very lovely she looked, more lovely to Asher's mind than any girl he had ever seen. Her every feature was perfect; her splendid tawny eyes shaded by ruddy lustrous hair; her delicate nostrils; her full sweet cupid's-bow lips and wonderful teeth; the witching rounded curves of her vigorous body; all were perfect. It needed only the faint tremor in her voice that spoke a fear that showed despite her manifest endeavor to suppress it to give her beauty a pathetic cast that completely vanquished Asher.

Mentally he kicked himself for believing all that rot about "instinct." He would never trust the fool again. This girl was no enemy; obviously she was the one who had sublet his apartments, whose things he had found in the bureau drawer. And, chump that he was, he had frightened her!

Eagerly he began to apologize. "I beg your pardon," he gasped. "I—I—that is, I came in here this afternoon, not knowing that you had taken the apartment. I—I've only just found it out, and—of course, I ought to have gone at once. I'll do so right away, and—and——"

"Please!" The girl raised her hand and smiled. Asher saw that she was lovelier even than he had supposed; that she was, in fact, the loveliest creature he had ever seen in all his life. "I beg your pardon," he gasped, inanely.

THE smile in the girl's brown eyes broadened. "Please don't," she said. "Please don't apologize any more. Every time you do puts me deeper in your debt. You are Major Asher, I suppose. The Major Asher who——"

"Yes, I'm Asher." To save his life Asher could not have said more.

"Then it's I who must apologize." The girl came into the room and up to the table. "I am Miss Thorndyke—Zetta Thorndyke, and I really have been occupying your apartments. I had no right to occupy them. I suspected from the first that the janitor was letting me have them without leave, and it was outrageous of me to take them. I did it

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only because I thought you would be gone a long time and because it was the only satisfactory place I could find in this neighborhood. I'll vacate immediately."

"Good heavens! No!" Asher's protest was instant. "Please don't give yourself the least anxiety about a trifle like that. Keep the rooms as long as you like. I'm only a bird of passage at best. I got back from France only a week ago after more than two years' absence; and I got back from Washington today, only a few hours ago—so I'm really not entitled to have any rooms. Anyway, I can just as well stay at a hotel—better, in fact. . . . Go-Good night!" Asher stepped back to the table and snatched up his hat. Obviously he meant to go.

But the girl stood in his way. "Wait a moment, please," she begged. "You take my breath away. You must be from the South."

Asher nodded. "Virginia!" he acknowledged. "But why?"

Gaily the girl clapped her hands. Her eyes were dancing like stars and her color was coming and going; her hair glowed like ruddy gold in the electric light. "I knew it," she bubbled. "At least I knew you weren't a native New Yorker. A New Yorker might give up his apartment, but only a Southerner would give it up as a matter of course. But, really, it isn't necessary for you to give it up at all. I'm going myself. Yes! I am! I came back tonight only to get my suitcase. My business errand in New York is over. I leave here tomorrow, and I'm going to spend the night with a friend."

Asher's face fell. "But—but—" he protested, "I must see you again. I—I haven't half apologized yet!"

Like quicksilver the girl's laughter ran. Then abruptly her face became serious. "Ever thus from childhood's hour," she quoted, half mockingly. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you won't see me again—not for a time, anyhow. Perhaps later—years hence——"

"Years!"

"I'm afraid so! I really must leave the city tomorrow. I—I'm sorry." The girl was serious enough now. "I must go now," she added hurriedly, "but before I do I want to thank you for your kindness. Some men would not have understood my coming here, and—and—— But you did. And if you'll only add to the obligation by telling any one who comes or sends any word to me for twenty-four hours they can find me at Mrs. Moran's—No. 121, just around the corner—I'll be very grateful. Probably no one will come, but——"

"But some one has come already." Asher promptly forgot all his imaginings as to the great importance of the letter left in his hands. "There was a girl here not long ago, a Miss——

"Lottie Dare?"

"Precisely! She brought a letter for some one—either you or me—from her step-brother, Otto Hand.'"

"Oh! I'm glad. That was the last thing I was waiting in New York to get. Now I can leave the city with a clear mind. . . . Lottie left the letter, didn't she?"

If a tinge of anxiety showed in the girl's tones, Asher did not notice it. "Yes!" he said, eagerly. "I've got it right here. It wasn't addressed to any one in particular—only to the apartment; and I rather hesitated about receiving it. But in the end I did—or, rather, to be exact, Miss Dare ran away and left it with me in spite of my protests. She seemed to have had a good deal of trouble in getting it here. She wanted me to open it, but——"

"But you didn't?" Even Asher, fascinated as he was, could not fail to note the depth of the anxiety in the girl's tones.

"No! I didn't." Asher's response was quick. "I've got it right here." He turned to the heaped letters on the pool table.

With a crash one of the windows of the room was flung up and thru the opening a man pitched headlong into the room. As he struck the floor he caught himself on his hands, and tried to rise; then midway of the effort, he gasped and crumpled down upon his side.

Asher glanced at him, caught a glimpse of an ominous red stain that was spreading swiftly over his open shirt front, and sprang past him to the window. No one was there, and he turned swiftly back.

But quickly as he had moved the girl had moved quicker. Already she was bending over the body on the floor. "Otto!" she gasped. "Otto! Otto!"

With a great effort the man rolled over upon his back. He did not look at the girl. Behind her he saw Asher and a look of triumph swept into his glaring eyes. "Major Asher," he gasped. "Thank God! Did Lottie give you my letter?"

"Why! Yes!" Asher's tones were hesitant. Dimly he seemed to remember the man's face.

"Guard it with your life." The man's strength was plainly going fast. "You'll have to fight to keep it. But it's worth fighting for. It's worth dying for. I have—died—for it, and I know. Don't give it to any one till—till—you'll know when you read it. It's——"

A gush of blood from his lips ended the sentence.

Here is mystery enough to satisfy the most exacting of fiction renders. Interesting characters, too, so far as they have been introduced in the thrilling narrative. And a "thriller" it is bound to be before the big serial is finished. "Locked in the Sea" undoubtedly is the best work Crittenden Marriott has put out in recent years—if not actually the very best in his well-known list. Another big installment in next week's Ledger.

The River Rat.

(Concluded From Page 2.)

pippin', an' perfect, an' I want a good piece o' change fer it."

From a cotton-lined purse he extracted the gem, which he handed to the pearl buyer for inspection. It was a beautiful pear-shaped pearl, rich steel blue in color, and absolutely flawless. Marks placed it upon his delicate scales. Fifty-eight grains, to a dot.

"Well, Danks, if you had the mate to this, for a pair of ear drops, I'd give you five hundred dollars on the spot for the pair," he announced. "But for this one alone I couldn't pay much. Chances are I'd never find one to pair it with, and all it would be good for would be a pendant or something of that sort. I'll give you seventy-five dollars for it."

"Nope, a hundred an' a quarter," replied Danks. "I gotta git a new boat engine. I need a hundred and a quarter, so it's that or nothin'."

The argument waxed hot and heavy for a time. The pearl buyer exhausted all his powers of persuasion, but Dank was obdurate. Finally Marks picked up his grip and turned to go.

"Now, you just think my proposition over," he admonished. "I'm going to make a few more calls, then I'm going to the boat livery, get a launch and go over to the island to see what the shanty-boaters have got. I'll be back here in an hour or so to see if you've decided to accept the seventy-five. It's a square offer."

"No use, a hundred an' a quarter, or nothin'," shouted Danks after him.

Within less than an hour Joe Marks landed on the island. Leaving the hired launch in charge of the livery attendant, he climbed out on a landing and looked about him. Almost the first object to greet his vision was the River Rat, seated in the door of his shanty-boat, complacently smoking.

"Why, hello there, old-timer," he shouted. "Still sore over that little deal?"

"Nope, I ain't mad. Fact is, a body can't afford to hold no grudge 'gainst folks he does business with."

"Aha, so you've got some business for me?"

"Wal, no—I ain't hankering fer no dealin' with yer," replied the River Rat. "Reckon I kin do better. Other buyer'll be 'long soon now, I figger."

"Well, let's see what you've got, anyway," coaxed Marks.

The River Rat reached down into his old faded overalls and brought forth a battered pill box. He opened it, and from its cotten lining drew out a beautiful pear-shaped pearl, rich steel blue in color, and absolutely flawless.

Mark's eyes opened wide in astonishment. His experienced glance had told him that it was a perfect mate to Danks' pearl. He placed it on his scales. Fifty-eight grains, to a dot. He saw visions of a rich haul, and his eyes grew bright with secret desire.

"Just how much were you figuring on getting for this little thing, now?" he asked cautiously.

"Three hundred dollars; no more, no less."

"Oh, come now, you know——"

"Three hundred dollars; no more, no less," reiterated the River Rat, extending his hand for the gem.

Marks pleaded and cajoled. But all his arguments were futile. At last he counted out three hundred dollars into the hands of the old man, and placed the pearl carefully in his grip. Then he rushed down to the landing and sprang into the launch.

"Rush me across the river, quick," he exhorted the attendent. "Over to the sheds of the button company."

Marks found Danks where he had left him but an hour before. This time he approached him diffidently.

"Listen Danks," he spoke suavely. "I think I could maybe use that steel blue, pear-shaped pearl of yours. Maybe I could even do a little better than seventy-five——"

"Too late," announced Danks. "I sold that pearl to th' River Rat 'bout two minutes after yer left, fer a hundred an' a quarter."

"Movies" in Confucius' Time.

THE earliest idea of a moving picture was recorded in the time of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher who lived 500 years before Christ.

At least this is the deduction drawn from his studies into the question by Will Day, a well-known figure in the English film world, who has exhibited in London a collection of relics and machines tracing the growth of the moving picture from the first primitive idea to its present form.

The "shadow shows" of the time of Confucius are the first of all known endeavors to present animated pictures. From this early time, however, there was a long period of inactivity in development, for the next record of progressive achievement is found in 1646, when Athanasius Kircher published a book in Latin entitled, "Ars Magnalycus et Umbrae," in which a description and illustration is given of a moving picture which the writer had evolved with mirrors and a tallow candle for illuminant.

Included in the collection is the original disc which Eadweard Muybridge used to settle the controversy between two American millionaires on the Palo Alto race course as to whether the four feet of a trotting horse were on the ground at the same time.

The experiments which Muybridge carried out are said to have cost the University of Pennsylvania $200,000, but the fact was proved that a horse did actually lift all four feet simultaneously.

Success Not Measured by Income.

ONE man of our acquaintance earns $15,000 a year. Another man we know just as well, earns $3,000.

If you were asked to tell us which is the more successful, the chances are ten to one that you would answer, "Why, the one who earns $15,000 a year."

If you made that answer, you would be wrong, says a magazine writer. No man's success can be measured by the size of his income.

It happens that the $15,000 man spends far more than he earns. He is in debt all the time and if his income ceased for any reason he would be dead broke.

The other man who earns only $3,000 a year not only lives within his income, but carries a life insurance policy for the protection of his family, and as a result of his thrifty habits has $10,000 scattered around in various savings banks, and in one cooperative society.

Perhaps more important than the money this second man has is the peace of mind that is his. He has played the game of life according to the rules and is conscious of the fact that he has done good work. He enjoys life because his mind is not cluttered up with worries over debts and other negative things.

GIRL HAD PAINFUL TIMES

Mothers—Read This Letter and Statement Which Follows

Portland, Indiana.—"I was troubled with irregularity and constipation and would often have to lie down because of pains. One Sunday my aunt was visiting us and she said her girls took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got well, so mother said she guessed she would let me try it. It is doing me good and I praise it highly. You are welcome to use this letter as a testimonial." — STELLA NEWTON, R. R. 8, Portland, Indiana.

Mothers—You should carefully guard your daughter's health. Advise her of the danger which comes from standing around with cold or wet feet, from lifting heavy articles, or overworking. Do not let her overstudy.

If she complains of headache, pains in back or lower limbs, or if you notice a slowness of thought, nervousness or irritability on the part of your daughter, give her careful attention.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for your daughter to take, as it is especially adopted to relieve just such symptoms. Remember it contains nothing that can injure and can be taken in safety.

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Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

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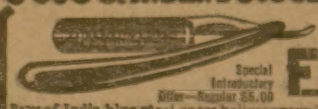

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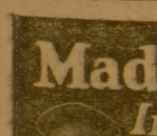

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George Vivian, a Minnesota man, made $400 in 39 days working spare time. One day's effort alone brought him $39. C. E. Hartley, an Ohio man, made over $1000 in few months. James Connelly, of Pennsylvania, made over $300 in 23 days showing The Diamond Light to neighbors.

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Hundreds are making from $10 to $40 a day showing this wonderful 300 candle power farm home light. It burns kerosene or gasoline. It is clean, safe, odorless and costs only half as much as an old-style wick lamp to operate.

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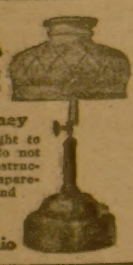

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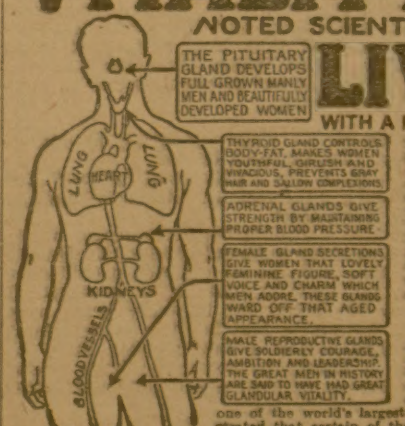
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The Horn of Marcus Brunder

(Concluded From Page 11)

as a microphone—an instrument that so magnifies sound that you can hear a fly walk."

"So I believe," said I. "If I remember, it consists of a tiny double-pointed carbon suspended between two standards and connected with a receiver."

"Exactly so. Now take a Wheatstoe bridge, such as is used in the naval range finders, and rig it up so that varying impulses will work, by means of electro-magnets, a sliding plug in, say an organ pipe, adjusting it automatically to any pitch. Connect the pipe up with a motor-driven compressed air blower, and there you are!"

"Why," concluded the excited inventor in a burst of enthusiasm, "it would make this bedlam of an office as quiet and peaceful as a village church.

"But it will take just a little money," he continued with an appealing glance. "Simply for a few preliminary experiments; and, if there's anything at all in it—there's a fortune!"

Thereupon I did an unwise but very human thing. I think the amount was twenty-five dollars.

DAYS came and went, and with them the radiant and sanguine Brunder. First it was drawings and then it was patterns, and last it was twelve-gauge copper and insulating tape, and slowly, with the aid of sundry and numerous five and ten-dollar bills the marvelous mechanism went together.

Brunder, from time to time, reported good progress and finally came in one afternoon with the startling, and to me most unexpected announcement, that the thing actually would work.

"Not perfectly by any means, just yet—for it's full of flickers and stutters and skips—something like a phonograph; but just give me a week."

I did—and also a check for fifty.

At the end of that time he came in, exultant.

We shut the ventilators so he could talk, and he imparted to me in a hoarse and joyous whisper that it was a "sure winner." "Just one more test" said he, "and then I'll show it to you. I've just this minute got the permission of the Government to try it down to the Sandy Hook Proving Grounds. If it stands that it will stand anything. And the non-auditory radius is three feet four," said he with pride.

It would cost just $14.75 to get to the Sandy Hook Proving Grounds and return. In my joy I made it an even $15.

After the date when Brunder was due back from New York I missed him for three days. At the end of that time I ran around to the little eighth-story back room which he uses as a sort of office and laboratory.

The first thing my eyes fell upon, as I opened the door, was a huge piece of mechanism, which might have been anything from an incubator to a steam mangle, and which emitted a low droning. Beyond was Brunder sitting with his back to me, at a desk.

As I shut the door he did not look around, but continued his writing, undisturbed. Then I noticed suspended from the ceiling, and within reach of Brunder's hand, the immense horn that has puzzled you and others so much.

"By Jove," said I, with a gasp of astonishment, "I believe the thing does work, after all!" I looked narrowly to see if the desk was connected with a wire, or whether his chair stood on an insulated mat, or anything of the kind. Then I walked toward him. I found I could plainly hear my own footsteps as well as other sounds, but, apparently, he was in the charmed zone and oblivious to any noise. I touched him on the shoulder, and with a jump of startled surprise he brought the small end of the horn to his ear, with that peculiar jerk of his, and said "Hello!"

"Well, tell us all about it?" I asked.

He leaned farther toward me and hitched the big horn closer.

"What luck did you have, old man?" I rejoined, louder.

He shook his head mournfully and handed out a pad and pencil.

"This is great," I scrawled. "You're a wonder. I always knew you'd do it."

"Well—I don't know," said he. "I took my position six feet to one side of a 12-inch coast defense mortar. The charge was five hundred pounds. I can't tell whether my machine worked or not. They pulled the string—and I haven't heard anything since!"

But he has learned since then, by constant practice at the little end of the horn, to hear much of what is going on around him!

What Is Your Problem?

(Continued From Page 2)

ality that none of the "sheep" can possibly acquire, because they have simply followed in the easiest path, that of least resistance. But do as I tell you: Be reserved, dignified, unaffected and sober in coming in contact with these people. Let your eyes fill with tears if they must. Do not try to hide this; just blink them away or hastily wipe them away and soon they will cease to come. Everybody will have to begin to admire you. It may take a year; it may take two. But Rome was not built in a day. These girls do not know what a good turn they are doing you, for thru it you will far outshine them when you approach the twenties.

I, at least, am your stanch friend and you may come to me personally for anything I can give you, and I shall be as glad as you!

—

Dear Victoria Grey: Kind friend, as you are helping others, could you give me a little advice? I am a young girl 18 years old, but have great troubles. I am very much in love with a young man three years older than myself. For two years we have been the best of sweethearts, and he made me promise never to go with other fellows. But about nine months ago he stopped coming to see me and I asked him to come and explain. He said he would never come near me again, and tore up my letters and wouldn't read them. He took one of my friends riding and told her he had gotten thru with me. He had also told me he didn't want anything to do with me. He will not speak to me, altho when he thinks I am not looking, he will watch me. Now, as I love him better than life itself, it hurts me awfully to have him so, and I see him every day, as we both work in the same room. I have tried to forget him. I would go with others and make him think that I don't care, but I can't. My sad looks betray me. Now what can I do? I can't forget him. Please help me and tell me how I can get him to explain. I will do anything for him if I can get him and his love back. I am thanking you for your advice beforehand, and God bless you if thru it I can get my love restored. I am poor and have not made many friends; I am very bashful also. With tears in my eyes, I am, HEARTBROKEN.

My Dear: If you have told me all—and I think you have—why then, good news! He's just as "crazy" about you now as he ever was. He is just staging a few theatrics for your benefit just to see how you act. Of course, he can't explain. He'd be ashamed to tell you he is having the time of his life with you. It is just as if you were a musical instrument and he a player. For two years he played your lovely strings beautifully. Then, in a childish, experimental mood, he stopped playing and began plucking the strings, now with a piece of tin, now with a thimble, now with a fingernail, just to see how it would sound. He knows very well that he has you up in the air—but when I tell you that every act of his points undeniably to the fact that he is interested in you and you alone, you won't be up in the air any longer, will you? Just you go with the first nice boy who asks you to. You have the laugh on him now. He'll very soon come back and apologize for his actions, you'll see. Or leave your present place of employment or class and take yourself absolutely out of his sight and you'll have the satisfaction of seeing him snoop around and trying, thru your friends, to find out where you are—that is, if he hasn't read this.

Instead of being manly, your friend is very peurile indeed. Little boys do these experimental things from the time they can lisp. They will pout and turn their backs on those whose attention they wish to draw upon themselves. They will "play off" the greatest aversion against that lady friend of their mother's with whom they are most in love. Well, your friend has yet to outgrow this trait.

—

Miss H. S.: Your digestion is out of order. Better see a doctor.

Mr. F. J. R.: "Life" and "Judge" are two such publications. Address them at New York City.

N. K.: I should begin to search for a job and if my husband objected I'd simply tell him that, as he did not provide for you, you had to look after yourself. I know it's hard, but in a desperate case such as yours, just let him worry about the babies for a few weeks. He'll be glad, I think, to coax you back under any terms. Of course you can't get fatter if you are unhappy.

How It Sounded to Her.

JESSIE, a little girl of 7, asked the fishman what he called his horse, and the fishman answered: "Tony Chestnut." Instantly she pointed to her foot, her knee, her breast and her head, saying: "Toe, knee, chest, nut."

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Riddle-Me-Ree.

336—My first is in ball, but not in top.
My second is in run, but not in stop.
My third is in nose, but not in hair.
My fourth is in table, but not in chair.
My fifth is in hour, but not in late.
My sixth is in love and also in hate.
My seventh is in friend, but not in mate.
My whole is a near relative.

—

Jumbled Nuts.

337—1. Acooncut.
2. Bilfret.
3. Rockyhi.
4. Ncape.
5. Nutape.
6. Tunlaw.
7. Burntliza.
8. Chubneet.
9. Lazehunt.
10. Tentubrut.
11. Ctenhuts.

—

Five-word Square.

338—1. An enchantment or fascination.
2. A minor prophet of the old testament.
3. An adjective meaning pale.
4. Water plants.
5. The house of a Scottish clergyman.

—

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

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333—Charade.

Bol (bowl) ster (stir).

—

334—Magic Sentences.

1. Wet. 2. Soft. 3. Hard. 4. Stiff. 5. Fine. 6. Firm. 7. Rough. 8. Tepid. 9. Sticky. 10. Downy.

—

Five-word Square.

S T A N D
T O W E R
A W A R E
N E R V A
D R E A M

—

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Do You Know?

IF YOU will glance over the Monthly Birthday Book for October you will see the names of many men and women who accomplished great things. Many of you will sigh on reading this and say to yourselves: "When I am grown up I, too, will do things that will startle the world and change the order of the day. I wish I could be a Columbus or a Penn or a Roosevelt or a West. It would be wonderful to be a Lind or a Bernhardt, or a Rosa Bonheur. Think how I could entertain the world were I to become a Verdi or a Keats or a Coleridge!" And you will begin to dream rosy dreams of your far off future.

But do not wait until that future has become a past before you begin to accomplish things. Many of the world's most famous men had achieved success during their early years. Did you know that:

Napoleon had conducted one of the most brilliant campaigns the world ever saw, before he was thirty years of age?

Edward Everett at the age of twenty was ordained pastor of a church in Boston and within two years attained distinguished fame as an orator; at twenty-one he was appointed Professor of Greek at Harvard.

Benjamin Pierce, one of the most profound mathematicians of the United States, was chosen Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge when he was but twenty-four years old.

Byron, Shelly and Keats, famous poets, died before the age of forty; Byron when thirty-six, Shelly when in his thirtieth year and Keats at the age of twenty-five.

Thomas Chatterton won world wide fame with the poems written before his death at the age of seventeen.

William Cullen Bryant wrote his most famous poem "Thanatopsis" when in his nineteenth year.

His Object.

JOHNNY'S mother was tired of having her tablecloths stained, so she instituted a fine of a penny for every spot. At supper a few days later Johnny was observed rubbing his rather grimy finger on the cloth beside his cup and saucer.

"Johnny, what are you doing?" asked his mother, in surprise. "You'll soil the tablecloth."

"Oh, no, I won't!" replied the youngster. "I'm just trying to rub two spots into one."

Quite Clear.

"NOW, Tommie, what do we get from sheep?" the teacher asked, reviewing yesterday's lesson.

"Butter?" Tommie suggested, doubtfully.

"Oh, no! Try to think. What is your coat made from? Now tell me, what do we get from sheep?"

"Father's old trousers!" Tommie responded eagerly.

Hurry, Sun!

FREDDY had been given a new watch, and was very proud of its timekeeping qualities. Just after 9 o'clock one evening, watch in hand, he rushed indoors.

"What time does the sun set today?" he asked his father.

"About quarter past 9," answered the parent.

"Well," replied Freddy, consulting his watch, "if it doesn't buck up it will be late."

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MEDICAL

I HAVE THE WORLD'S GUARANTEED best, safest, surest specialists' remedies for every human ailment; failure absolutely impossible. Write me confidentially for free information; I will gladly and quickly help you. D. Wolfe, Box 7B, Ridgewood Station, Brooklyn, New York.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book; symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

FREEDOM FOREVER FROM DANDRUFF, falling hair, itching scalp. Free sample. Dandrex Laboratories, Butte, Montana.

HOMESTEAD LANDS

FREE HOMESTEAD LAND, HEALTHFUL Ozarks, raise corn, cotton, vegetables, fruit. Deer, turkey, fishing. Particulars free. Maurice B. Decker, Norfork, Ark.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS—WRITE TODAY FOR FREE IN-struction book and Evidence of Conception blank. Send sketch or model for examination and opinion; strictly confidential. No delay in my offices; my reply special delivery. Reasonable terms. Personal attention. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED. PROMPT SERVICE. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and free book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 357 Ouray Bldg., Washington. D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CON-tains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

FIELD OR OPERA GLASSES AT SPECIAL low prices for next 30 days. Excellent quality lenses. Fine workmanship throughout. Handy carrying case. Sure to satisfy men, women and children. Will last life time with proper care. Price only $1.25. Send money order when ordering. Satisfaction guaranteed. Arthur Co., Dept. B, 2814 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

TRAVELING MOVIE OUTFIT FULLY equipped, nearly new; sacrifice; $125.00 cash. Act quick. Joe Walsh, Gen. Del., Minneapolis.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

DOGS

HOUNDS FOR SALE; WELL TRAINED FOR coons and skunks. Real treers, prices and ages right. Will please you. For full particulars, write P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

SONGS POEMS WANTED

MELODY PUBLISHING CORP., ROOT Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., needs songwriters for its staff of authors and composers. Members of staff pay no fees. Write Staff Manager at once.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE-stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

FREE—$10 WATCH, LADIES' OR GENT'S, gold hunting case. Ford Watch Co., B., Winona, Minn.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

MAKE MONEY ON VALUABLE FORMULA. Address envelopes. Either sex, young or old. Send dollar bill for plan and formula. Charles Laboratory, Box 168, Hesston, Kansas.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANY-one for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

BOOKS

"FROM THE BALLROOM TO HELL."— Mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

NAMES WANTED

EIGHT GAMES MAILED, PREPAID, FOR 5 names of phonograph owners and 12c in stamps. Fuller, Wichita, Kansas.

OLD COINS

POLITICAL CENT, JACKSON CENT OR "Hard Times" token, issued in 1834 to 1842. Highly interesting, some with jackass, turtle, etc.! Get one now with my large 50 page illustrated Coin Catalog for only 20 cents. This is just a special "get acquainted offer." B. Max Mehl, Numismatist, Mehl Bldg., Dept. Y, Fort Worth, Texas. Largest Rare Coin Establishment in the United States.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROcery store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested. Take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 248, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

SALESMEN ACT QUICK. TEN PATENTED auto necessities. Spark plugs, visors, windshield cleaners, hose clamps, etc. Generous commissions. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 214, Sta. C, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS WANTED

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permament business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders—300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "sight sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 88, 1302-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

CLEAN UP $100.00 WEEKLY FROM NOW till Christmas with "Nifty Nine." Weekly average 100 sales—dollar profit each. 20-40 sales daily frequently made. Demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coaxers. All ideal for Christmas gifts—several at each house. Big rush now starting. Get free sample outfit offer. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-30 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

TAILORING SALESMEN: MAKE $75.00 A week selling our strictly all-wool made-to-measure suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat and side-line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Goodwear Chicago, Inc., Dept. 176, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—MAKE $60 TO $100 WEEKLY selling Coffield tire protectors. Prevents punctures and blowouts, doubles mileage. Easily applied; no cement or tools required. Absolute 3-year guarantee. Big commissions. Lansing made $562; Ackerman $519 last month. No capital required. Coffield Tire Protector Co., 253 Court St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1,000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 572 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS, DISTRIBUTORS, ENERGETIC men every city can earn $50 to $100 weekly selling new line household specialties. Start at once; large demand; sell on sight. Big Three Money-Maker sent free; selling instructions, folders furnished. The Fernald Company, North East, Pa.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36-68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.89. E. Condon, Importer, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS: ENORMOUS PROFITS, PERMAnent repeat business, exclusive territory, selling highest quality products at low prices. Cocoanut Oil Shampoo retails 50c bottle, costs $1 dozen. Soaps, perfumes, extracts, etc. B., Verdina Co., 16 East 13th, New York.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 62, Fairfield, Iowa.

JACO SANITARY STROPS SELL ON sight to everyone using combs. Three dozen $3.60 delivered; easily sell for $9.00. $5.40 profit sure every day. Get particulars quick. Jay Company, 103 Jay Building, Washington, New Jersey.

WE NEED MORE MEN TO BECOME FIRE protection experts. We teach you free and show you how to make $10.00 to $20.00 a day right in your own neighborhood. Write today. The Fyr-Fyter Co., 1001 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS. SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY Soap, 150 other household necessities. Big line. Big profits. Quick repeaters. Free instruction. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. H, Grand Rapids, Mich.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, frames, sheet pictures, paper mache frames, waterproof aprons, gold window letters. Lowest prices, prompt shipments, 30 days' credit. Samples, catalog free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk B-2, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS—BEST-LOOKING, biggest value. Manufacturer to wearer. Every order nets profit $1.50-$2.25. Write for winning sales plan. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863-B, Third Ave., New York.

LIVE SALESMEN TO EMPLOY SUBagents selling fine food product. Big profits. Permanent, exclusive, unlimited. Advertising provided. Washington Company, 950H Rust Building, Tacoma, Wash.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

OUR AGENTS MAKE $35 TO $50 DAILY and are getting it with new marvelous invention. Sells to everybody. Low price. Pocket outfit. Write Suren Co., 25 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

DON'T JUNK RIM CUT TIRES. 500 TO 5000 miles from worthless tires. Save A Tire Rim Cut Repair Clips. Agents set 50c, 3 sets $1.00 coin. Keystone Supply Co., Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LIGHTNING—STRANGE BATTERY COMpound startles the world. Better than sulphuric acid. Charges discharged batteries instantly. Gallon free to agents. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS—GET OUR BIG SAMPLE ASSORTment free. Tea, coffee, extracts, spices, food products. Things people eat. 240 fast sellers. Harley Company, Dept. 12, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE MAKES PREmier Sharpener fastest seller. Hundreds getting rich. You can. Write Premier Mfg. Co., 803 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS: MAKE 100%, TOILET ARTICLES, perfumes, extracts, household necessities. Sample case free. LaDerma Co., Dept. B, Main & Walnut, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED TO TAKE ORDERS FOR U. S. Army officers' and civilian shoes. At factory prices. United States Army Shoe Corp., Dept. R, Westfield, Massachusetts.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY YEAR AROUND. New business. Unique proposition. Crown Mfg. Co., Sta. E, Box 61, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

EARN $15-$50 WEEKLY WRITING SHOW cards. No canvassing. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars, terms, free. Sho-Rite Sign System, Inc., 1519-A, Detroit, Michigan.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN FOR DEtective work. We pay you salary. We are no school. Write us; enclose stamp. Douglas Detective Agency, Winston-Salem, N. C.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1123 Broadway, New York.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

EARN $10.00 TO $35.00 MAILING CIRCUlars at home. Outfit and instructions 25c. Damorris, 2305 Gratz, Philadelphia, Pa.

$135 MONTH. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. K6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN-BOYS OVER 17. GET U. S. GOVERNment positions. $90-$195 month. Steady. No strikes. No layoffs. Pleasant work. Short hours. Paid vacation. Common education sufficient. Experience unnecessary. Many examinations coming. List free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K26, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY. EXpenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, POSTOFFICE and other help wanted by Government. $1400 to $2300. Examinations everywhere soon. Write today for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

MEN WANTED TO TAKE UP FINGER print work. Experience unnecessary. Write for particulars explaining guaranteed position. Universal Finger Print System, Dept. FE, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write for details explaining guaranteed positions. J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, Dept. DE, St. Louis, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $200 MONTHLY, railroads everywhere; no strike (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

BOYS-MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXperts. $35 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. K, 404, Rochester, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

DETECTIVES. DON'T BUY A COURSE BEfore getting rental plans. Graduates write. Box 268, Battle Creek, Michigan.

MALE HELP WANTED—(Con't.)

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; experience unnecessary; particulars free. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

DETECTIVES WANTED IN EVERY LOcality; good pay; plenty of work if qualified. Superintendent, 444 Webster Bldg., Chicago.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN WANTED. LEARN DRESS DEsigning, $35 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. K. 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

GOLD MINING IN COLORADO NOW BOOMing. Millions have been made from mines in this wonderful State and millions more will be made. The Pewabic Gold Company properties have produced over two millions of dollars in gold, according to U. S. Government geological reports, and another million, or more, in ore is blocked out waiting to be milled. The veins are cut at 1700 feet by famous Newhouse tunnel on which competent engineers estimate mine to contain over one hundred million dollars in gold. Here is an opportunity of a lifetime to make an investment that may insure you a comfortable income. Limited number of shares now selling at four cents each to raise money to complete mill. Price soon to be advanced. Get full particulars, including engineers' report, free. Address Hoffman & Company, 1113 First National Bank Bldg., Denver, Colorado.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank references, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP KOSSE FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Company, Suite 405, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

MONEY IN GRAIN. $12.50 BUYS GUARAN-tees on 10,000 bu. wheat. No further risk. Movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400; etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

SIXTEEN CENTS DAILY FOR TEN months buys outright five acres Texas oil and mineral land that may become worth $100,000. Write Gulf Realty Company, 335 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

START A CLEANING, PRESSING, DYEING shop. Splendid field, big profits. Plans free. International System, Dept. 11, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

FORTUNES MADE IN THIS BUSINESS. Small capital needed. Openings everywhere. Complete theater outfits sold on easy payments. Experience not required. Catalog free. Monarch Theater Supply Co., Dept. H, 724 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 33 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

BACHELORS, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN: If you desire a German wife, one who knows how to operate a frying pan, write for sealed information (stamp). George Grigoleit, 20 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTIFlamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 57B, Camden, N. J.

LONESOME WIDOW, WORTH $10,000, owns 90 acre farm, desires to correspond, object matrimony. Mrs. B, care People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

HEIRS WANTED AT ONCE. 50,000 EStates seeking claimants. You may be one. Send 2 cent stamp for circular. International Claim Agency, 62, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 26, Kansas City, Mo.

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GET ACQUAINTED—MARRY WELL. LAdies and gentlemen everywhere will exchange jolly letters. List free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

WORLD'S LEADING MATRIMONIAL CLUB —Thousands worth $5,000 to $400,000, willing to marry. List free. Honorable. Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco.

GET BUSY, BOYS! WEALTHY PRETTY girl wants a husband. Write, enclosing stamped envelope. Lillian Sproul, Cleveland, Ohio.

THOUSANDS AFFECTIONATE LADIES want husbands. Descriptions, introductions, particulars free. Sealed. Many wealthy. Hall's Club, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

WANT NEW FRIENDS? WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN correspondents. Introductions 25c. Clare, 16, Cambridge St., London, S. W., England.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 65 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

BUSINESS MAN; GOOD HEALTH; SOME means; wishes write lady. Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

HAVE TRUE FRIENDS EVERYWHERE, receive letters, postcards, pictures, sample 10c. Evergreen Magazine, Reynoldsville, Pa.

LIST OF GIRLS WISHING CORRESPONDence, 10c; Friendship paper, 10c. S. K. Girard, Pawtucket, R. I.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANdinavian Club, 2724 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY. WRITE me, marry wealth. Mr. Hyde, Box 205, 86, San Francisco, Calif.

BUSINESS MAN, 36, COMFORTABLE, would marry. F Alliance, Box 95, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH! BEST PAPER PUBLISHED. Names, addresses, descriptions, pictures, 25c. Box 3317, Boston, Massachusetts.

LADY, 40, OWNING VALUABLE PROPERTY, wishes correspondent. S-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WOULD YOU MARRY MAIDEN WORTH $80,000, pretty? Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY PRETTY girl? If sincere, write Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida. Enclose stamp.

REFINED GENTLEMAN WORTH $50,000 wants wife. Ladies write: (E-B) B-1022, Wichita, Kans.

MISSING PERSONS

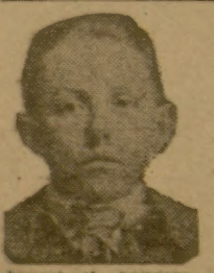
A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



Ernest B. Sanders.

J. P. Sanders, 1008 Taylor St., Durham, N. C., wishes to hear from or concerning son, Ernest B. Sanders, 15 years old. Last heard from in Concord, N. C., on November 13th, 1921. Height, 5 ft.; weight, 85 lbs.; black hair, dark brown eyes; slender build and his two upper front teeth are slightly lapped. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received.

New Set with Large Roomy Divan

Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this sensational furniture bargain to your home on 30 days trial. Straus & Schram's newest offer—a complete 6-piece set of fumed solid oak living room furniture *including a wonderfully comfortable and roomy divan* and at a positively sensational price reduction.

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This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

Large Divan will give extra seating capacity to your library, living room or parlor. It is an unusually massive comfortable piece with beautifully designed back. Arms are broad and comfortable. Measures 66 inches wide outside and 36 inches long inside. Thickly padded seat is 19 inches deep. Height of back 22 inches. Posts are extra massive.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat 19 x 17½ in. Height 36 in.

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